The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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CHRISTIAN UNITY

NO MORE significant sign of the fundamental nature of the transforming crisis which today is agitating humanity, from the depths of its unconscious, instinctive emotions and desires to the heights of its intellectual powers, can be seen than the manner in which serious religious problems have come to be generally recognized and discussed in the secular press. Such matters have at last emerged from the obscurity of the professionally religious papers into the full light of public attention. The somewhat patronizing, slightly contemptuous attitude of the daily papers toward religion is changing to a more realistic approach to the subject, dictated by the business office motive that it might pay to "give religion a break." It is no longer sufficient to give a few columns, or a page, to more or less perfunctory snippets from Sunday sermons, usually selected from the utterances of the more sensational, "topical" preachers, or to arrange for special articles about such debatable and gossipy matters as birth control, or the discussion of the New Deal. The fact that religious forces of primary concern, because of their intimate relation to the most vital problems of society, are manifesting themselves throughout the world, is now as plainly evident to a large and growing number of our newspaper and magazine editors as the problems of economics, of war danger, of political disturbances, are to all of them.

Of course, certain specific situations in which religion was obviously involved accounts for the largest amount of attention paid by the press to these matters. The Nazi effort to destroy or at least wholly to subordinate the freedom of the German churches, both Protestant and Catholic, and the heroic resistance of the Protestant churches now bearing the brunt of the onslaught

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of State supremacy, is the chief example in this field. But there are many others, such as the revolutions in Spain, in Austria, and in Mexico. Censorship in all these countries seriously hampers the press in dealing with such situations fully and adequately. Yet despite this handicap the press is keeping before the public the enormously important fact that religious principles and religious organizations are essential factors in the great problems of today.

The public attention stirred by Bishop Manning of New York, in his sermon before the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Atlantic City, is not only a further proof of the truth of the views expressed above, but also serves to bring religion into the news of the day in aspects even more fundamental, if less exciting and stirring, than those presented in the news from Germany and Mexico. For his sermon dealt with matters which are concerned not merely with the political or organizational struggles of this or that form of Christianity, but which raise the central points upon which the validity and power of Christianity itself chiefly depend. Among these points are such questions as whether or not Jesus Christ was God as well as Man, and whether or not He established a Church, visibly organized, to be ruled in His name by sacred ministers until the end of time, and dispensing, as no other men could possibly do, the sacraments which are the appointed channels of supernatural grace. These great problems, and others akin to them, are the theological points which have been disputed among Christians since Christianity began, and which today underlie and produce and maintain all the divisions among Christian men which handicap or nullify the efforts of the Christian churches to solve all the other manifold problems which in their totality constitute the crisis of our age. Fully conscious of this fact, deploring it, regarding it as the chief of human evils next only to deliberate, fully conscious sin itself (which is the willing and doing of what is known to be wrong), Christians of all denominations ardently desire, and strive toward, church unity.

But church unity is a mere utopian dream, and a superficial ideal at that, unless or until the fundamental facts of the problem are clearly known and honestly dealt with. There can be, of course, and there increasingly is, a large measure of cooperative unity among Christians of all the denominations in regard to many important social questions, but there cannot be doctrinal and sacramental unity without agreement among them as to the facts which are presented to prove that Christ founded one Church: not a multiplicity of churches, and as to which church that one divinely established institution really is. Bishop Manning's sermon, therefore, is of high practical value, because it goes to the root of the matter, namely, the question of the true church, and reopens it for frank discussion. He finds that true church to be the Catholic Church. But the Catholic Church of which the Pope is the head denies that the Protestant Episcopal Church possesses valid Orders as explicitly as Protestant churches either deny that ordination is essential to the Church of Christ or that the power of ordination is exclusively possessed by the Catholic Church. Hence, there is an absolute impasse to genuine Church unity. So far as members of the Church which recognizes the Pope as the Supreme Head of the one true Church are concerned, they believe that there can be only one way to unity, namely, that of individual acceptance of the doctrine of the Church by those Christians now outside the Catholic Church who convince themselves of the truth of that doctrine. There cannot be corporate unity, for there are not many true churches; there is and can only be one.

We of this journal—who as laymen accept the teaching of the Catholic Church, but who hold no commission to expound that teaching—can sincerely welcome the raising of these fundamental points by Bishop Manning, and their study by all Christians, and their discussion by those adequately equipped to do so, provided the study and the discussion are caried on in a truly Christian spirit, and are not permitted to degenerate into that *furor theologicum* which has wrought such terrible damage to Christendom. Nothing should be allowed to check, still less to throw back, that movement of cooperation among religious people, and religious bodies, toward cooperation for the common good of society in matters where Christian ethics and morals and traditions still provide standards of joint action against the manifest evils of the day. True it is, most unfortunately—as Bishop Manning himself so forcefully points out—that many of these un-Christian, often unnatural, evils are not recognized as such by far too many among those who yet claim to be Christians—who even claim to be Christian bishops and ministers. The endorsement of birth control by Bishop Manning's own communion, before which he pleaded his case for the Catholicity of that communion, is a sad proof of how not mere disunity alone, but palpable abandonment of Christian principles, has affected the churches separated from the Rock of Peter. Better, however, to have such abandonments proclaimed, than to have them covered up. Better to have the points raised by Bishop Manning boldly faced. The world is confronting everywhere the question of questions: "What think ye of Christ?" An age of superficiality is crashing around us. Even that smudged and distorting mirror of the times, the daily press, proves that the age of stern reality is upon us all.

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Week by Week

THE COMMONWEAL is ten years old. Reflections on this ripe age are scattered throughout the present issue, and we shall pause here to say only a word about certain aspects of the number itself.

Anniversary

An effort was made to secure articles by those associated with the magazine from the beginning—those whose counsel and intellectual effort made possible the birth of the idea, and whose steady cooperation have helped it to grow at least part way to maturity. Not all were able to comply, and we regret in particular the absence of a paper by Miss Agnes Repplier, dean of American Catholic writers, who would have obliged us if she could. There is enough to show, we believe, that our associates have been doing a lot of thinking; and while no such effect was planned, the issue is a kind of symposium on "where are we now?" We would likewise express gratitude to those, who, knowing the anniversary was at hand, sent comments, criticisms and felicitations. Some of these are reprinted here, and we regret that lack of space compels us to keep back others until a later date. The signatures will indicate the extent to which THE COMMONWEAL has formed part and parcel of general American literary activity during the past decade.

DOUBTLESS no one will fail to be impressed primarily with the magazine's new attire. The original format of THE COMMONWEAL was designed by that excellent craftsman, Mr. Porter Garnett, of Pittsburgh, whose name is known wherever American typography is discussed. Time, necessity and economy combined to require a number of departures from the Garnett idea. We therefore felt the desirability of a new unity of format, and yearned also for modernization which should be, if possible, an improvement. The quest was apparently like that of Jason's for the golden fleece. We flirted with domestic and foreign suggestions in number, but to no avail. A fortunate chance then led to the doorstep of Mr. George F. Trenholm, of Boston, a designer of books, types and other glorious things, who has made page appearance more beautiful for a long list of American printers. Could he beautify us, too? Mr. Trenholm happens to have been a friendly reader of this magazine, and for this reason (probably) diagnosed our most splendid dreams with uncanny accuracy and excellent technical skill. We are more delighted with what he has done than words can say, and we feel sure that practically every reader will share this enthusiasm. And why not? After all, every good ten-year-old child deserves a trim new dress—and in this case has it.

WITH autumn elections approaching, the trend of public reflection is interesting, puzzling and important. Does the average citizen believe that far more radical measures are desirable, or is he contented with the ideology and practical efficacy of the administration program? Is business initiative definitely committed to the so-called "conservative opposition"? The *Literary Digest* poll, utilizing the same mailing list resorted to some months ago, indicates a very considerable repudiation of the New Deal either in whole or in part. Other sources of information strengthen one's feeling that pressure on Washington is growing. Whether "radicalism" or "rugged individualism" is profiting as a consequence certainly remains to be seen. The outcome particularly in California and Minnesota, where active extremists are running for office, will be awaited with tense interest as readings of the national barometer. Uniformly one hears the conviction that it will be difficult to maintain all that "relief" involves both for the giver and the recipient during the length of time needed to bring to a successful conclusion the battle for thoroughgoing social reform inaugurated by the President. A business freed from most of the restrictions devised by governmental authority may therefore be resorted to in the hope of stimulating industrial activity sufficiently to increase employment and profits. On the other hand, it is likewise within the realms of possibility that mass demands may force the President to play a different suit. We shall see, and meanwhile believe that Mr. Roosevelt is too adroit a politician to allow himself to stray into the impasse of viewing the earlier stages of his program as sacrosanct and unchangeable. He will change when that seems necessary, but in accordance with what he believes the will of the sovereign people.

The Trend of Events

UP TO the time we went to press the expulsion from Mexico of the Catholic hierarchy, although unanimously voted by the Chamber of Deputies, had not yet been voted upon by the Senate, but the threat seems likely to be carried out, in the present temper of the Mexican government, unless the Supreme Chief of the Revolution, the true Dictator, Calles, should decide that the time is not yet ripe for the full force of State absolutism to be turned upon the Catholic Church. It is most difficult to determine this question because of the exceedingly inadequate, and at times highly misleading, news reports supplied by the American news associa-

Crisis in Mexico

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tions operating in Mexico. A case in point—one that should humiliate those chiefly concerned—occurred in the matter of Archbishop Diaz's supposed "disappearance." Both the Associated Press and the United Press reported to their clients, the daily papers of the United States, that Archbishop Diaz had gone into hiding, "in anticipation of retaliation against a pastoral letter which he published attacking socialistic education," as the Associated Press reported the case. Yet the correspondent of the New York *Times* was received by the Archbishop in Mexico City, and was assured by the latter—as the latter could see for himself—that there was no truth in the account published by some of the local papers about his disappearance. But the correspondents of the two great news agencies were apparently satisfied to pick up and transmit these false rumors, nor have they, or their American headquarters, seen fit to correct the false dispatches.

MOREOVER, the Archbishop had not published a "pastoral letter." He had sent a confidential letter to his priests giving them instructions as to what their actions should be if or when the amendment to Article 3 of the Mexican Constitution, making "Socialist" instead of "secular" *education compulsory, should become law.* As the Archbishop told the New York *Times* reporter, he was not publicly discussing things that had not yet occurred. Charles Betico, the Mexico City correspondent of the news service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, also denied the story of the Archbishop's flight. But the full and detailed accounts of the persecution of the Church in Mexico (which has been proceeding for years) sent by this and other Catholic correspondents and special writers to the Catholic press are ignored—worse still, the facts they contain are ignored—by the secular press, unless some violent or wholly extraordinary incidents happen, as they are happening at present. Perhaps some day American Catholics may be influential enough to obtain a change in such matters, but that day seems still a long way off.

In the Market Place

FOR THOSE with a tough mind for facts, the American Iron and Steel Institute's report on the first full year's operation of the steel industry under its NRA code, is interesting. The steel industry in our present industrial and machine age is generally considered the bell-wether of the flock of American manufacturing concerns, and particularly so of the most depressed heavy goods industries. Under NRA, from August, 1933, to September, 1934, wages in the steel industry increased $95,000,000; total wages were $470,000,000—three wage increases having taken place: first, one averaging 16½ percent, in August, 1933; second, one in November through adjustment of hours of work; and third, a 10 percent increase in April of this year. For purposes of completing the picture, we secured from the institute the following additional figures. Total production in the industry, from August to September, in 1932-1933 was 18,298,102 gross tons, and in 1933-1934 was 26,804,600 gross tons. Total cash dividends from July 1, 1933, to June 30, 1934, were $18,471,305. Unfortunately, our informant at the institute said, statistics of dividends for the preceding year were not available. What we have, however, give a highly significant chart of developments and, in fact, of heroic, determined progress. It has been clearly stated that the emotional phase of the administration of national recovery has been passed, and the emphasis will now be on stabilizing and continuing the gains made. As Mr. Harriman of the United States Chamber of Commerce has said, the condition of business is better than the psychology of business. In this regard let us not forget the pithy comment of our newest contemporary, the *Colosseum,* "Utopias are the opium of the people." Let us put our shoulders to the wheel of working for the improvement of what goods we have, thanking God for them and remembering not with words and hopeful plans only, those whom we can help.

Mr. James J. Phelan

WE DEEPLY regret to announce the death, on October 16, of Mr. James J. Phelan, one of the most prominent citizens of Boston and a Catholic layman deeply interested in the progress of religious and philanthropic undertakings. Born in Canada on October 14, 1871, he came to the United States as a child of seven, worked his way to eminence as a banker and industrialist, and devoted a more than generous portion of his time to civic and relief enterprises. Practically every national emergency found him ready with leadership and assistance. When an American Chapter of the Knights of Malta was organized, Mr. Phelan became the chairman of the executive committee and worked hard to hammer the new branch of the order into a unit worthy of age-old tradition. To The Calvert Associates he was always a tower of strength. Mr. Phelan became a director during the first stages of the organization more than ten years ago, and organized The Calvert Associates committee in Boston and then throughout New England. We learned to see in him a practical man of extraordinary vision and kindliness, devoted to the land which had showered opportunity upon him and conscious of the "secret places" in which the best that heart and soul can produce is cultivated. *Et erit in aeternum memoria ejus.*

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TEN YEARS OF THE COMMONWEAL

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ANYTHING like a full story of how and (especially) why THE COMMONWEAL was started ten years ago, and of its struggles during that period to fulfil its purpose, would require a bulky book. All that can be done at present is to give a rough and highly simplified outline sketch of the subject, based upon a glance backward over the ten years traversed since November, 1924, leading up to at least a guess at what may be this journal's task during the next decade—provided, of course, that THE COMMONWEAL is to go on living that long: which is a question mainly for its readers, not its editors, to decide. But even if this journal should be obliged to quit the arena of the world's great debate, its experiences during its single decade of participation in that debate, and the general view it holds of the probable character of that debate in the years lying ahead, will be, we hope, of some value to others who may continue or resume the struggle—abler and better equipped than we have proved to be, we trust, and appealing to a larger and more active body of readers.

Considerably more than ten years ago, in the troubled years following the close of the World War, small groups of Catholic laymen—the most of whom were graduates or teachers or students of various universities, Catholic and secular—began simultaneously to discuss the idea of the establishment of some sort of publication that would serve as a medium for the expression of Catholicism in its varied and highly debatable possibilities of application to contemporary social problems. Generally speaking, these groups, or individuals, were unaware of each others' interests, or plans, although all believed that what was stirring them must be manifesting itself elsewhere. It was a spontaneous movement, arising in the United States in correspondence to the same sort of intellectual fermentation that was already actively at work in many European countries—part and parcel of that great resurgence of Catholicism itself: of the spiritual, moral, intellectual and social forces of the Church, which after the World War became evident (as it still does; and increasingly so) as one of the major phenomena of our age. It may be said, without being unduly fanciful, I think, that the symbol of this renaissance was given to those who could discern the signs of the times in 1922 when Pope Pius XI in the first hour of his election walked outside the Vatican which had held his predecessors prisoners since 1870, to give his blessing to the world, under the open sky. In his person, it was the Church emerging from that more or less passive, quiescent, defensive condition in which it has been cribbed, cabined, and confined since the Reformation, and during the succession of revolutions which followed the Reformation.

Now it had again become positive, energetic, magnetic. "Action" became at once the password and the war-cry of its universal mission. The secularistic liberalism of the nineteenth century, which for a brief period had delusively appeared to have triumphed over all other forces in the western world, and to be on the very eve of extending its victory over all humanity, and which had tolerantly yet somewhat disdainfully relegated Catholicism to a subsidiary and wholly negligible place among other religious emollients of social life—or else regarded it merely as a picturesque museum piece in its gallery of historical souvenirs—had been smashed by the World War, completely and finally. Other and far more powerful forces began to contend for supremacy—among them, and in the very forefront of the struggle, the revivified and militant Church of Jesus Christ. Primitive paganisms rearose and assumed new forms—fanatical Socialism; nationalisms exalted to religious fervor; with atheistic Bolshevism rooted in a universal claim to complete dominance over all mankind, overshadowing all the particularistic combats which proceeded with ever-increasing violence—surrounded by revolutions, famines, plagues, panics, and the suffocating pressure of the world-wide economic crisis, which had followed after the deluge of blood and tears that overwhelmed the world in 1914.

But in 1924, the full truth of the world crisis was as yet unrevealed except to a few prophets, to whom the world at large would not pay heed. Nevertheless, it was even then apparent to all save the wholly frivolous, or dull, or stupid, that the task of recovering from the wounds of the war, and of reshaping the disjointed structure of society, was one that demanded as an unescapable duty the cooperation of all intelligent men and women. The Catholic lay groups to which I have referred above certainly were alive to that truth. They believed, as well, that Catholics had a particularly imperative duty in the premises. For they believed, as all Catholics necessarily must believe when they reflect upon their religion, that the Church established by the God-Man, Jesus Christ, as His permanent and visible embodiment on earth, was, therefore, the Divinely appointed teacher of those everlasting principles which alone can lead humanity safely toward the living of a life that will be in harmony with the true nature, and the fulfilment of the

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nature, of man. As laymen, it was not their mission to teach in the name of their Church. But what the Church taught them they could, and should, apply as their criterion of judgment in their work as writers for and editors of a lay journal which should discuss the living issues of this day of crisis, and thus contribute to the limit of their individual capacities and opportunities to the restoration of society. They were inspired by the hope—nay, the firm faith—that the expression of points of view stemming from the traditions and doctrines of the Catholic Church, the Mother of western civilization, would be of some general value. For it seemed to them that the time had come again when at least a large part of American society—those elements within it that still desired to conserve the true value of Christian culture, even although they did not give their personal adherence to the full doctrine of the Church—would at least give honest attention to the Catholic points of view.

These men finally came together and pooled their ideas. They were men of Georgetown, Harvard, Notre Dame, Yale, Columbia, Fordham, Princeton and other centers, with some who were not graduates of any school save that of living experience. They were none of them messianic: they did not dream of suddenly transforming the world they lived in after the Christian image—perhaps they realized too keenly the difficulty of first transforming themselves. Moreover, they had a fairly adequate conception of the limitations and weakness of the instrument they designed to employ. The best and most powerful of journals exert but a feeble influence upon humanity in comparison with other and far more important agencies—the school, the political systems, economic conditioning, racial and nationalistic instincts, and the churches. But journalism does touch and influence men and women in all their relations with those more fundamental matters: hence its enormous potencies for good or for evil.

Now, of all the major forces operative in American society, Catholicism is by far the least adequately equipped to communicate its influence to the general public through journalism. It possesses its full equipment of what may be termed an *interior* journalism—periodicals carrying on the necessary work of informing, instructing and influencing Catholics themselves. What the founders of this journal hoped to do was to begin, in a small way, and with modest intentions, the exterior task of Catholic journalism—as laymen: not as official teachers; but as independent writers who based their work upon principles which they themselves had fully accepted from the teaching Church.

THE COMMONWEAL was that journal. The Calvert Associates were organized as a non-commercial corporation to publish it. The name of the journal itself expressed our main intention: to contribute something to the society of which as individuals we were units, and of which our Church had historically been one of the main cultural origins through her missionaries and explorers and settlers, and which she has affected deeply through the continuing influence of her doctrine, philosophy and traditions, as these have been disseminated through Catholic Americans. The name of "Calvert" was given to our corporation as an appropriate symbol of that specific influence. We took the name from that family of Catholic laymen who founded Maryland, and in doing so contributed so powerfully to the establishment of that most vital and characteristic principle of American society: religious and personal liberty under the law.

Well! for ten years we have published THE COMMONWEAL. Turning over the twenty volumes, some fifteen thousand pages, some ten millions of words, the articles, essays, editorials, verse, reviews, and letters on all the varied subjects we have discussed during this first decade, what answer can we honestly make to the question: what has been accomplished? Certainly, these twenty volumes do not seem to supply a convincing answer, favorable, or the reverse. Nothing seems so dead as the journalism of yesterday. However, that seems also to be true of the vast bulk of what is put out as literature. Out of all the incredible number and appalling mass of publications, books included, which have been printed in the years contemporary with THE COMMONWEAL, how much has retained a vital interest, a living value, for readers of today—to say nothing about the readers of tomorrow? Probably, very little indeed—possibly a few authentic poems, two or three lasting novels, a small row of books adding something worth-while to the world's store of knowledge in biography, criticism, theology, philosophy, sociology, history and science. But journalism cannot be judged by the criterions applied to creative literature or the literature of knowledge and record. Its effect is produced on minds and characters at the hour of its contact with its readers. Then, its message dies—like the ephemera to which it belongs: but its influence does not die. It either enlightens or darkens the mind which it reaches: and hence it helps or it injures human souls, and human society. But who can accurately trace and estimate the psychological effects produced by any particular journal? Certainly not its conductors. We, in this case, can only know that some fifteen thousand readers, many not professing our faith, have found these twenty volumes of THE COMMONWEAL so interesting and valuable to them, during these past ten years, that they have supported their publication most generously, often

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to the point of real self-sacrifice, when, if they had judged THE COMMONWEAL by commercial standards it was a demonstrable failure: for never has it even paid its own way, still less has it earned any profits.

Therefore, to them belongs the chief praise for any good accomplished by THE COMMONWEAL in its first ten years. For no matter what merit our work may have had, unless that work could be published it could have had no effect. And it could not have been published without the willingness of many of our readers to subscribe for our support as patrons of a cause rather than as buyers in the market place. Their wonderful faith is now our main reason for believing that our experiment—what Thomas Woodlock at one of our first meetings called our "great adventure"—has been justified. Even during the worst of the depression years that support has been given unceasingly; our circulation has been increased; our public influence has been extended. The point of self-support is not yet reached, but is nearer than ever before, and really not distant.

What we do believe has been conclusively proven, therefore, is not that THE COMMONWEAL is all that it might be—we know, even as so many of our readers must know, that it is not; it is far from that; but our experience does prove that there is a place to be filled, a great work to be done, by a lay Catholic weekly review which can adequately develop the tentative beginnings of our experiment into a really well-balanced, powerful, effective organ of Catholic principles. For such a journal the next ten years offers a field of labor more important by far than the ten years through which we have passed. This is so because the full force of the world revolution, the crisis of our age, is merely beginning to manifest itself in America. Even the cessation of the immediate tension of the economic part of that crisis would not affect, we believe, the truth of that statement. For the roots of the world crisis strike deeper than the economic strata. They plunge into the very depths of the human spirit. Quintessentially, our crisis is a religious one. Men are being forced to confront ultimate questions: to choose whether they shall recognize God and His Christ as the supreme point of orientation for their personal lives and for all their social systems; or to set up and worship and obey only their own individual wills (man exalted to the place of God) in some form of collective state, or national or racial idolatry and tyranny. The Catholic Church stands as the rock center of the forces of human liberty under the law of God. As one of the least and minor, yet nevertheless (we hope) useful instruments of the fight for the liberty of man, THE COMMONWEAL offers itself to its readers, until, anyhow, something better can be devised.

RECOVERY OR REGENERATION?

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

GOOD citizens give full faith and loyalty to the President in his efforts to arrest the depression and initiate a new advance toward economic stability, and those of an optimistic turn of mind believe he will succeed, at least to the extent of bringing about, for a time, better conditions. The great interrogation lies, however, in these words, "for a time." Are these alphabetical agencies laying the foundation for permanent stability, permanent that is, in a world where incessant change seems to be the law of life, a world where, as a matter of fact, even in what now seems to us to have been the static days of the past, no era, including its rise, supremacy, decline and fall, has ever lasted more than five centuries? There is, I believe, solid conviction amongst a certain number of men that the really magnificent efforts now being made, are palliative, the only possible actions to adopt under conditions of crisis, but in themselves only this, and destined to find their fruition and their terminus within the space of a very few years.

If they are looked on as first steps only, as preliminary and preparatory stages in a consistent plan, the goal of which is clearly seen, but is still held *in petto,* the subsequent moves consistently mapped out, but held in abeyance until the time comes for their sequent deliverance, then the events of the next few years may send the middle decades of this century into the records of history as constituting one of the great creative revolutions of all time, comparable with that of the founding of the "Old Kingdom" in Egypt, the establishment of the Athenian State, the inception of the Middle Ages and the birth of Renaissance Europe, while the name of Franklin Roosevelt will rank with those of the great lawgivers and epoch-makers of past generations.

It may be that this is so. No man can read the mind of the President or fathom the depths of his understanding. One element in his strength is that he keeps his own council and reveals his intentions only when he believes the time has been prepared by measures of careful approach. The progressive development of policy thus far would indicate further advance along consistent

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lines and there are those who foresee through deduction, or perhaps personal intimation, a logical advance far beyond anything manifest at the present time or even explicitly indicated by the events that already have taken place. It is to be hoped that this is so. If it is not, if the measures now in operation are all, if the end to be achieved is no more than a good measure of recovery—panaceas prescribed as the result of an accurate diagnosis of *conditions* but not of ultimate *causes*—then the result after the enjoyment of a fool's paradise of relief, renewed hope and a rising stock market, will be the thing the congenital pessimist now confidently forecasts: a breakdown worse than that of 1929-1930, the temporary eclipse of civilization and the collapse of culture, with the coming in of a second period of dark ages.

There is very little to indicate anything so drastic and calamitous as this. A year ago it was a far from untenable hypothesis, but every so often (curiously enough, just about every five hundred years) there is the positing of a great alternative: the era that is passing may give place to what is in effect a renaissance or an interval of dark ages. It is probably a case of first choice and the issue depends on whether the right leaders arrive at the right time to inspire, direct and establish a new age of power, or whether the leaders fail to appear and the undirected masses surrender to mob psychology, working their own ruin and defeating the possibility of a vital and creative renaissance.

Now the determining factor in the choice that soon must be made and that will not only justify and complete, or in the end signalize the failure of, the New Deal, and as well go far toward fixing the nature of the coming age, is the estimate that is placed on the lasting value of that industrial, mechanical, financial system that has logically and consistently developed during the last 125 years. So far as present evidences are concerned, its permanence seems to be assured. That it is marked by many abuses and that it has resulted in a condition that is practically unworkable, while its operation has run counter, in many respects, to any just and sensible moral code is also accepted as a fact. Thus far, however, the official program seems to be to work those reforms that are obvious, and by codes, restrictions, regulations and protective devices, imposed and enforced by law, to reform the system itself and, preserving it in its essential integrity, render it in its future workings just, equitable and beneficent. If this is so—if the program is, as its name implies, one of recovery and renewal rather than of reformation and reconstruction—then it is not enough, and the danger of economic and social collapse, with chaos and revolution just beyond, remains as it was before.

Capitalistic industrialism, based on the practically unlimited potential of steam and electricity and hydraulic power, made operative by the scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions that have followed with ever-increasing momentum and by geometrical progression from the era-making devices of Arkwright, Watt, Fulton and Stephenson, from 1768 to 1814, functioning through mass production, the joint stock company, intensive advertising and the recently devised and ruinous scheme of instalment purchase and deferred payments, has now become, not tentative and limited as in the early years of its development, but universal and, in becoming universal, impossible.

Until, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as I have said, supply took precedence over demand, so reversing the principles that had held hitherto for the 5,000 years of human history, society functioned on a rational and wholesome plane. The new method then introduced has achieved its apotheosis and has now reached a dilemma from which there is no escape, except definite and conscious abandonment of a road that has led to a cul-de-sac, and a return to the more promising path already well tried and proved. If, therefore, the NRA and the New Deal envisage no more than a reform and a bolstering-up of capitalist industrialism substantially on its existing lines, and by plausible and time-saving palliatives, they can only be disastrous in their ultimate result.

Here is the situation as it exists today. Applied mechanics, mass production, specialized and localized industry have reached a point where production has enormously outrun local demand while foreign markets have reached the point of saturation. The once heralded labor-saving devices were just that—or rather they were labor-eliminating. For the first decade of the great revolution new activities contingent on the widening scope of the process of mechanization took up much of the slack, and labor eliminated from the old practises found employment in the new. This time has passed and, so headlong has been the process of scientific and mechanical production, there are now some 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 unemployed in the United States alone, with similar conditions in most of the countries of Europe. The object of capitalistic industrialism has now become the making of money, not the supplying the needs of the public. Dividends on the invested capital must be obtained in order to satisfy the stockholders, pay enormous salaries and bonuses for management, and even greater amounts for advertising in the hope that so the excess products may be marketed, and above all for additional profits to turn back into the producing mechanism in order that it may still further increase its output. This means two

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very definite things: first, that human ingenuity is working overtime to devise new inventions and mechanisms that will reduce cost of production by still further eliminating the human factor; second, the steady increase in the numbers of the unemployed, and therefore, the equally steady reduction of purchasing power.

If this does not indicate the existence of a blind alley, a cul-de-sac from which there is no escape except through retreat, it indicates nothing, except imminent bankruptcy and an extremely unpleasant and comprehensive social revolution.

By "retreat" I do not mean reaction, a return to the past in order to effect an archeological restoration. The new factors that have entered material life (there are no spiritual accretions of any particular moment) during the last century and a half must condition in many ways such social fabric as we may envisage for the future. The inevitable "retreat" is from the implacable *rue barré* that now stares us in the face; a retracing of our steps to the point far in the past where the two roads divided, the broad road that leads to destruction, the narrow road that leads to salvation. These two paths began to separate even during the Middle Ages and for a considerable while they followed roughly parallel courses. With the sixteenth century they began a greater divergence, and by the middle of the eighteenth century they had already lost touch, while since then, the old way has become "out of sight and out of mind." Like the traditional boulevard of boom towns of the West, this which began so grandiloquently in the city, finally "lost itself in the suburbs, turned into a squirrel track and ran up a tree." The return to the past now so plainly forecast by such seers and prophets as Señor Ortega y Gasset, Professor Nicholas Berdyaev and the Reverend W. G. Peck, to name only a few amongst an ever-increasing multitude, is less for ascertaining a new road than it is for achieving a new orientation.

Twelve years ago, in a series of lectures given at Dartmouth College and subsequently published under the title "Toward the Great Peace," I ventured to predict the eventual downfall of that modern civilization which had issued out of the Renaissance-Reformation-Revolution plexus of creative events. At that time I did not see this as an eventuality before the passing of another fifty years. Time, however, is an incalcuable factor, and as a matter of fact the crest of the wave came just eight years later, while its cataclysmic crash and dispersal has been the signal event of the last four years.

Anticipating the inevitable, however delayed it might be, and trying not only to isolate its causes, but indicate some possible lines along which a new social organism might be constructed, I roughly outlined what seemed to me the fundamental principles. I may perhaps be pardoned for finding in one detail of the NRA program that which seems to me the project that is creative rather than palliative, which indicates that the President has in mind a permanent rather than a temporary solution of the great problem that is not only national in its scope and implications, but universal, and that, incidentally, is a putting into practise, though at present in a tentative and limited form, of precisely what I outlined in my lecture on "The Social Organism" in this Dartmouth course. I mean the subsistence homesteads, a beginning of which is being made on a small appropriation of $25,000,000, and for the continuation of which a further expenditure of several billions of dollars has been proposed. I cannot resist the temptation (perhaps partly to keep the record clear) to quote at some length from this lecture delivered in the year 1921:

"Altogether it is reasonable to assume that the present financial-industrial system is near its term for reasons inherent in itself, let alone the possibility of a further extension of the drastic and completely effective measures of destruction that are characteristics of Bolshevism and its blood-brothers.

"Assuming that this is so, two questions arise: what is to take the place of imperial industry, and how is this substitution to be brought about?

"I think the answer to the first is: a social and industrial system based on small, self-contained, largely self-sufficing units, where supply follows demand, where production is primarily for use not profit, and where in all industrial operations some system will obtain which is more or less that of the guilds of the Middle Ages. I should like to go into this a little more in detail before trying to answer the second question.

"The normal social unit is a group of families predominantly of the same race, territorially compact, of substantially the same ideals as expressed in religion and the philosophy of life, and sufficiently numerous to provide from within itself the major part of those things which are necessary to physical, intellectual and spiritual well-being. It should consist of a central nucleus of houses, each with its garden, the churches, schools and public buildings that are requisite, the manufactories and workshops that supply the needs of the community, the shops for sale of those things not produced at home, and all necessary places of amusement. Around this residential center should be sufficient agricultural land to furnish all the farm products that will be consumed by the community itself. The nucleus of habitation and industry, together with the surrounding farms, make up the social unit, which is to the fullest possible degree, self-contained, self-sufficient and self-governing.

"Certain propositions are fundamental, and

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they are as follows: Every family should own enough land to support itself at need. The farms included in the unit must produce enough to meet the needs of the population. Industry must be so organized that it will normally serve the resident population along every feasible line. Only such things as cannot be produced at home on account of climatic or soil limitations should be imported from outside. All necessary professional services should be obtainable within the community itself. All financial transactions such as loans, credits, banking and insurance should be domestic. Surplus products, whether agricultural, industrial or professional, should be considered as by-products, and in no case should the producing agency acquire such magnitude that home-consumption becomes a side issue and production for profit take the place of production for use.

"For the future then we must consciously work for the building upward from primary units, so completely reversing our present practise of creating the big thing and fighting hopelessly to preserve such small and few doles of liberty and personality as may be permitted to filter downward from above. This is the only true democracy, and the thing we call by the name is not this, largely because we have bent our best energies to the building up of vast and imperial aggregates which have inevitably assumed a complete unity in themselves and become dominating, tyrannical and ruthless forces that have operated regardless of the sound laws and wholesome principles of a right society. Neither the vital democracy of principle nor the artificial democracy of practise can exist in conjunction with imperialism, whether this is established in government, in industry, in trade, in society or in education.

"If we can assume then, the gradual development of a new society in which these principles will be carried out, a society that is made up of social units of human scale, self-contained, self-supporting and self-governed, where production is primarily for use not profit, and where bulk-production is practically non-existent, the subdivision of labor reduced to the lowest practicable point, machinery employed to a much less extent than now, and the factory system abolished, what organic form will labor take on in place of that which now obtains? It is possible to forecast this only in the most general terms, for life itself must operate to determine the lines of development and dictate the consequent forms. If we can acquire a better standard of comparative values, and with a clearer and more fearless vision estimate the rights and wrongs of the contemporary system, rejecting the ill thing and jealously preserving, or passionately regaining, the good, we shall be able to establish certain broad, fundamental and governing principles, and doing this we can await in confidence the evolution of the organic forms that will be the working agencies of the new society.

"I have tried to indicate some of the basic principles of a new society. The operating forms, so far as industry is concerned, will, I think, follow in essential respects the craft guilds of the Middle Ages. They will not be an archeological restoration, as some of the English protagonists of this great revolution seem to anticipate, they will be variously adapted to the peculiar conditions of a new century, but the basic principles will be preserved. Whatever happens, I am sure it will not be either a continuation of the present system of capitalism and profit-hunting, or nationalization of industries, or state Socialism in any form, or anything remotely resembling Bolshevism, syndicalism or a 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' Here, as in government, education and social relations, the power and the authority of the State must decline, government itself withdrawing more and more from interference with the operation of life, and liberty find its way back to the individual and to the social and economic groups. We live now under a more tyrannical and inquisitorial régime, in spite of (partly perhaps because of) its democratic forms and dogmas, than is common in historical records. Nationalization or state Socialism would mean so great a magnifying of this condition that existence would soon become both grotesque and intolerable. We must realize, and soon, that man may lose even the last semblance of liberty, as well under a nominal democracy as under a nominal despotism or theocracy."

In one respect the President's plan does not, at present, go as far as the one indicated above: he sees the subsistence homesteads as adjuncts to a factory system proceeding in general along established lines. That is to say, while the individual allotments would properly furnish normal food supplies for a given family, they would be cultivated by factory hands employed in an adjacent mill on part time, being let off from work for whatever periods might be necessary for their gardening and husbandry. They would still be mill-hands. The mills would be there and they would still be operating to produce dividends on invested capital and by the methods of mass-production. This is not good enough, for it preserves the old and bad qualities of segregation of labor, specialization of industry, production not for use but for profit, and by mass methods, the preservation in the social organism of the unit of un-human scale. In other words, capitalistic industry, however much it might be regenerated and restrained, however far the institution of the subsistence homesteads might ameliorate the lot of the mill-hand, and increase his economical independence.

[*The second instalment will appear in the next issue.*]

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FROM ONE AGE TO ANOTHER

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

CURIOUSLY, perhaps symbolically, the date of the founding of THE COMMONWEAL happens to coincide with the date of the passing of one age of human history and the advent of another. The passing of the optimistic Age of Enlightenment. The advent of the pessimistic Age of Disillusionment.

When Woodrow Wilson set out for the peace congress at Paris in December, 1918—only six years before the founding of THE COMMONWEAL—he must have had as little prescience as any of us common mortals that the age in which he had been reared and to which he was wedded was already disappearing. He had won "the war to end war." He had made the world "safe for democracy." He carried in his breast a universal "covenant," nominally reminiscent of Calvinism but actually adapted to the more optimistic creed and the more enlightened service of humanity and international peace. And for immediate business, he took along with him a crew of "social scientists" and "experts" in geography and finance.

Wilson was very hopeful, and, judging from the acclaim with which he was received in Europe in 1918, so were multitudes of mankind. How could it be otherwise? He and the shouting throngs, despite the hurricane of recent war, were still deeply rooted in pre-war habits of thought, the most fundamental of which was a conviction that the modern "enlightened" world was making "progress" at a rapidly accelerating rate. Once upon a time—in those dreadful "dark ages"—humanity had been enslaved by childish fears and superstitions, ground down by violence and tyranny, and benumbed by a clammy "other-worldliness." But in modern times all this was changing, and changing swiftly. The Age of Enlightenment had dawned in the seventeenth century, had illumined philosophy and political action in the eighteenth, had spread its beneficent beams over the whole world in the nineteenth, and was now destined in the twentieth to reach noon-day brilliance. It was an age of science, of reasoned observation and experimentation, of increasing control over nature. It was an age, moreover, of broadening personal liberty, of expanding democracy, of growing brotherhood of individuals and nations. It was an age, above all, of "this-worldly" material progress.

The science of the Enlightenment was so exact and sure. It explained so much, and it was so useful. By aid of it, men could fly in the air, swim under the water, converse with one another wherever they might be, escape pain, lengthen their span of life, and possess knowledge and enjoy creature-comforts beyond the ken of any philosopher or prince of previous ages. Everything worth-while was a science, not only physics and chemistry, but biology and psychology, economics, history and politics. No wonder that Wilson took "scientists" with him to Paris.

The machine-industry of the Enlightenment was so marvelous. By means of it human beings might produce more food than they could eat, more clothing than they could wear, more buildings than they could inhabit. No longer need they fear famine or inclement weather. They might toil less and less, and still have more and more. Obviously, no real problem remained affecting the production of wealth; and though there were, admittedly, some minor problems about the distribution of wealth, these could and eventually would be solved either by "enlightened" Socialists or by "experts" in economics and finance. It was fitting that some such experts accompanied Wilson and his scientists.

The education of the Enlightenment was so promising. Universities were being reorganized and expanded, new ones founded, and attendance upon them was multiplying. Professional schools and technical institutes and research foundations were becoming legion. Public libraries were bulging with books and magazines. Newspapers were being printed and circulated in enormous quantities. Elementary schooling was compulsory in most countries, and secondary schooling popular. Illiteracy was all but ended in western and central Europe and in America and was fast declining in eastern Europe. Presently, it was prophesied, everybody in the civilized world would be "enlightened" not only by school but by cinema and radio; and with a new leisure for self-improvement and new facilities for progressive education, how informed and intelligent the human race would be! From its own store of intelligence and good-will it could easily adjust any little difficulties which might arise from the haste of statesmen and experts at Paris.

The democracy and liberty of the Enlightenment were so desirable and so inevitable. Since the English Revolution of the seventeenth century and the American and French Revolutions of the eighteenth, popular government had been supplanting autocratic government steadily and ever more widely; and as class-rule had given way to mass-rule, old restraints on personal liberty had been done away with. Slavery was gone. Serfdom was gone. Even passports for travelers were going. True, the state was newly interfering in private business and abridging certain eco-

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nomic liberties. Yet the trend toward individual freedom of thought, speech, publication, association and profession kept pace with the trend toward political democracy. And both trends, becoming pronounced in the nineteenth century, attained to seemingly permanent stability with the triumph of the allied democracies in the World War and the attendant republican revolutions in central and eastern Europe. Clearly, the whole world was at last "safe for democracy."

Peace was so necessary and now so easy of attainment. To the philosophic pacifism of the eighteenth century had been added the mounting agitation of nineteenth-century free-traders, Socialists and humanitarians, and, finally, the war-weariness and war-horror of the masses. Henceforth civilized nations would not fight one another; they would be too intelligent and too well-educated to neglect the plain lessons of the World War, and too democratically minded to let any unscrupulous despot or selfish aristocracy lead them into another war. Just as the duel and the blood-feud had vanished, just as local warfare had ceased and civil war was ceasing, so eventually, as the Age of Enlightenment continued to unfold, there would be an end to the causes of revolution and a surcease of international war. The League of Nations was at hand.

And yet. . . . And yet. . . . No matter how much we may thrill at the technological and material achievements of the Age of Enlightenment, no matter how much we may sympathize with many of its ideals, we now must face the fact, whether we like it or not, that the age itself was already dying when Wilson went to Paris and that he was one of its testators rather than one of its prophets. Much, very much, has happened during the last ten or fifteen years, and our present generation is separated by an almost incredible chasm from the generation which "won the war." *We* live in the Age of Disillusionment.

We know that man does not live by bread alone. Indeed, we begin to perceive that some revolt against the Enlightenment's increasingly strict diet of materialism was natural and hence inescapable. We couldn't go on indefinitely producing *things*, thinking of ourselves as *things*, and deriving satisfaction from a universe of *things*. We had to explode and be emotional and evince anew the essentially mysterious nature of man and all creation. We had to resurrect supposedly buried gods or set up strange new ones, for we simply had to have some spiritual object of adoration, some inspiration for enthusiasm. Hence, our generation experiences a revival of historic Catholicism whose driving force and growing magnitude could not have been imagined by the preceding generation. And even more striking has been our day's witness to the birth of lusty twins of paganism—the transcendental Communism of Lenin and the fanatical nationalism of Mussolini and Hitler.

Reaction against the Enlightenment is now in full swing on a wide front. The League of Nations still exists (though as Russia joins it, Japan and Germany depart). But what student of current events can maintain that the world is beating its swords into plowshares, effecting any "moral disarmament," or lessening the causes and occasions of armed conflict? The question now is, not whether there will be another World War, but how soon it will come; not if it will be destructive, but whether greater destruction can be wrought by chemistry than by artillery.

The vogue of political democracy is passing more quickly than it arose. Outside the United States and a few countries of western Europe and a few British dominions, the whole world is already governed by dictators or disciplined minorities. In France there is more serious questioning of parliamentary democracy than at any time since the great revolution of 1789, and in the United States there is correspondingly less opposition to bureaucratic government and to centralized control. Everywhere, morever, the decline of political democracy is accompanied by the curtailment of personal liberty. Individual freedom of speech, publication and association is far more restricted in Communist than it was in czarist Russia; in the Germany of Hitler than in the Germany of William II; in the Italy of Mussolini than in the Italy of Cavour; in the Mexico of Calles than in the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz.

Universal schooling and all but universal exposure to newspapers, cinema and radio, are at last provided, but they have actually served to dispel rather than to forward the Enlightenment. They can be so easily managed and manipulated by "ministers of propaganda." They really don't make people intelligent. They tend mainly to stir emotion, to spread misinformation and to promote gullibility. To keep people in ignorance through education seems to be a more or less conscious aim of "advanced" persons in our Age of Disillusionment.

Nor do we find the solution of economic problems as easy as our optimistic predecessors predicted. Machinery, to be sure, is rapidly multiplying in amount and efficiency, but the more it is employed, the greater is the unemployment of humans, and the more goods it produces the fewer are the chances of disposing of them. In other words, the "minor" problems concerning the distribution of wealth have become "major" and, in addition, hitherto unsuspected problems of wealth production have newly been forced upon our attention. And at least we ought to be somewhat disillusioned about contemporary purveyors of economic panaceas. Communists, however

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"wise" they have made the Russian masses, have not made them wealthy. Fascists and Nazi have succeeded better in regimenting thought than in getting rid of poverty. "Experts" in America and Britain are content to go off the gold market, to nationalize poor-relief, to experiment with regulation of production, and to hope that if and when the "depression" ends they may get some credit for ending it.

Even "science" is shedding its certitudes and displaying dubieties. Reputable physicists of our day are quite sceptical about such a simply mechanical and purely "material" universe as was progressively dogmatized about from the seventeenth to the twentieth century. They begin to question the whole modern concept of "matter," to point out that atoms and electrons are awfully mysterious affairs, and to suggest that "matter" has no real existence outside man's mind. And what is man's mind? If you insist on defining it in the latest physical terms, you must pronounce it a mystery or else nothing, which is sorely disillusioning to persons who have been wont to regard psychology as an "exact science."

Indeed, the implications of the "new physics" are staggering for all the so-called social sciences —not only psychology, but politics, economics, sociology, history, etc. For two centuries scholars in these fields have consciously essayed methods and goals similar to natural scientists' and have usually made similar assumptions concerning a mechanical, material universe operated by discoverable "natural laws." Doubtless they will be carried along for a time by the momentum of their past traditions, but what a shock is in store for them when they sense the contemporary revolution in the natural sciences and try to adjust their own goals and methods to it! What becomes of their happy expectation of formulating "laws" from the data they amass and the dissertations they indite? What becomes of their creed of "cause and effect"? What becomes of their reliance on logical development and their repugnance to everything savoring of the mysterious or the inexplicable? With history frankly a mystery, the Age of Disillusionment will be consummated.

Some people welcome the new age; a few because they think any age preferable to that of the Enlightenment, and a larger number because they want to be "up-to-date" and are willing to gamble. Personally, I feel no greater enthusiasm for the age that is upon us than for the age that we have just left behind. The Enlightenment, despite all its materialism and its sentimental optimism, produced a high order of civilizing aspiration and achievement and demonstrated amply, if unwittingly, the abiding ingeniousness of that strange creature, man, midway between the animals and the angels. On the other hand, the Disillusionment, though perhaps providing a more favorable soil and climate for the religious apostolate, is as yet noteworthy for its negations rather than for its affirmations and we may well have some misgivings about the resemblances it already bears to that period of the later Roman Empire when upstart Caesars warred and wrought incalculable injury to man's body, mind and soul, and when in truth they made of disillusionment a "dark age."

But I would pass no judgment on either our Age of Disillusionment or on the previous Age of Enlightenment. I merely reaffirm and emphasize that these two ages are different, that we are actually living in the one and not in the other.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DECLINE of the West? That is the question—the biggest of all contemporary enigmas. We have no way of estimating what it would be like, if it really came to pass. Suppose money were valueless, and property something devoid of meaning. Even so there would be, so long as what is termed "the West" remained, a fixed and familiar outline to life. Thought would have some recognizable shape. The gamut of feeling, whether bacchic or mystical, would be as dependable as the back stair. We might starve or go naked, but it would remain apparent that we were human beings. And otherwise? The barbarian-to-be is no savage, awesome of totem poles and stars. He is simply that which is inwardly amorphous and violent—that which believes in eternal spiritual dishevelment. There is no use talking about it further. The human tragedy now thinkable is too complete, too final, for anything except silence.

I am interested now in what lies just behind us. The past score of years, ten of which have been commented upon (with relatively little pertinence, one sees now) in the files of this magazine, have a curious, unmistakable unity in the light of what has just been said. They may have been a prelude —or a finale. But they are, in an astonishingly coherent way, the revolution.

This revolution seems to have had three well marked aspects:

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First, an uprising against standards without consciousness of what could be substituted for them. In earlier times it was, at least, progress against religion, or factory workers against their bosses. Recently it has been just a jumble of theories against another jumble of theories.

Second, an enthusiasm for the reconstruction of society which, for one cause or another, seemed to run against the grain of nature and arrive at nowhere in record-breaking time. Everybody demanded universal peace, and everybody hired more soldiers. Everybody praised free speech, and everybody controlled the press.

Third, a shunting aside of institutions for the sake of "trends" or what were at least assumed to be "trends."

No doubt these three are merely different aspects of the same underlying phenomenon. It may be helpful here to compare it with, as a curiously significant instance, the revolutionary philosophy of John Milton. He was both poet and fire-eater, able to write a defense of regicide and a number of ringing attacks on such institutions as the Church, marriage and the school. But Milton's aristocratic individualism was based upon faith in the aristocrat as the best of institutions. He believed that the "rare" intellect was better fitted to read Scripture than was the Church; that the civilized soul could not be fettered, against the dictates of its own insight, by the bonds of marriage; and that the common school existed for no better reason than to make of the aristocrat a common scold.

The attitude of the years through which we have just lived was an entirely different one. Faith in the aristocrat was lost; there remained no faith in anything—excepting faith. For mankind has only a choice between the democracy possible inside institutions, functioning well or otherwise, and the aristocracy possible outside institutions. This choice is at least plausible. All that was great and relatively reasonable in Protestantism grew out of the aristocrat's distrust of ecclesiastical democracy. All that was impressive in Nietzsche—and Nietzsche was the foremost modern thinker—grew out of the aristocrat's distrust of social democracy. . . .

When the Wilsonian phrase, "Make the world safe for democracy," was born, political democracy had just died. Confidence in the automatic integrity of governing authority was the chief victim of the World War. This war had not merely not turned out as promised but it had exacted of millions upon millions of citizens the most loathsome of possible sacrifices—the offering of decency. It *is* indecent to expose men without military tradition or ardor to the nakedness of the butcher's trade. It is likewise indecent to dignify as service to one's country the slaughter of women and children. It is above all indecent to summon Beelzebub and declare with unction that he is like unto God. But all this the political institutionalism of the western world did, and the people have never forgiven the authors of their shame. I have seen as much of the literature and actuality of post-war Europe as most men; and the best comment I can make is that the note dominant everywhere has been a sense of outrage. Ever since 1915! It has not always been a consciously voiced thing. Sometimes it found expression in the violent nationalistic hostility of those who, having drudged and knifed gallantly for years, felt that profiteering vandals had taken all the spoils. Again it has been only an angry clamor for violence, lawlessness, just for its own sake.

Partly as a consequence of these things, moral authority likewise lost its grip nearly everywhere. The brute man refused to go into the stockade. The story of the emancipation of sex not merely from the constraints of puritanism but also from well-nigh every kind of contract makeable between one individual and another, or between society and the family, is trite and almost talked to death. Yet it is worth noticing that the grip which Freud had upon the "intelligence" of the period was due to the abdication of "self." Where the objective standards of the Christian faith still evoked allegiance, people threw rocks at the deity libido. But throughout the world which the aristocrat had constructed for himself—the world of which Protestantism, Liberalism and Enlightened Philosophy had been so proud—the human dog trotted off to his vomit tickled stiff at knowing that he was, after all, only a dog. The inevitable end was the scrofulous pederastia of German drill-sergeant messiahs, the Affaire Stavisky, the ridiculous baroque morass of Hollywood, and other things unmentionable. In this manner were certain words of the Magnificat fulfilled, with a grim sardonic absoluteness at which the Lord God Himself must have been amazed.

But if the aristocrat was a dog, he was also a sly, gamboling old devil of a dog. There remained the chance that he could destroy social authority, too. And so he calculated the fit of his ideals to the stature of his interests with exquisite skill. When he was a certain kind of financier, he plastered dicta about "international cooperation," "thrift" and "new economy" over deals as shady as a box-car poker game and as fatuously destructive of the social order as war itself. If he was a movie producer, he collected statistics to show that the naked lady at a peep-show garners all the nickels, acted accordingly, and then professed to be providing "art," entertainment and educational enlightenment. And if he was a certain kind of intellectual to whose wit or inanity

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throngs of the half-baked were ogled into listening, he found the stench of Russian tyranny pleasant to his nostrils, talked flapdoodle about a world he was too lazy to analyze, and founded organizations for the consumption of revolutionary ice cream sodas. For he was paid to be an intellectual—even as the clown is paid for being an ass.

To one who walks with a half-open eye through the accumulated ruins, on most of which the signs still hang, it would seem astonishing if the Barbarian were not groping and middling around. Could one laugh under such conditions, one could chuckle not a little over the fact that Mesdames are still passing resolutions, that (to be slightly more specific) John Dewey is still eating dinners in his honor, that good people are still damning the Jews, that the economic planners have any number of other fool-proof blueprints up their sleeves, that good people continue to think themselves entitled to be unrelatively rich, that Mr. Roger Baldwin knows that the only place where the Civil Liberties League could function adequately is in Moscow, et cetera, et cetera. The Barbarian is dancing on the front porch, and the suburbanite of culture is still dreaming of Stilton cheese of the vintage of before the Flood. Is even Communism left to him? Not at all—for who now thinks that Communism has any viable or attractive plan (viable or attractive from any point of view) for the reconstruction of social orderliness? Even Communism is today another name for chaos, as complete, as sterile, as meaningless as the contents of H. G. Wells's paunchy and corsetless mind.

Thus there ends the supreme riot—the supreme revolution. What follows can be either an era of slow, painful rebuilding or the real dark ages. I am, in spite of everything, not pessimistic. There remains to us, at least, the good earth and the memory of what the builders of the West desired to be. They failed, we shall fail, but their children were for a time comfortable. More one cannot ask. What, then, was it that they strove to do?

First, to live by standards which alone are worth defending and which essentially are realism and holiness. The cosmos must be seen without flinching *as it is;* man must be viewed *as he can become.* Rain, says the immemorial common sense of the West as fed by the New Testament, falls on just and unjust alike: there is no ideal coordination of human desires and mundane conditions, and every philosophy which promises to keep the universe at a temperature of 70 degrees is hokum. Man, says the same immemorial common sense, can be reconstructed, in the light of the example of sanctity—he need not be a barbarian, and it is according to the measure of his escape from that necessity that society flourishes. Nature can be utilized, but cannot be changed; man can be changed, but cannot be utilized.

Second, to work for a social order which does not permit deeds to belie promises, or to drape realities in rhetoric. It is, for instance, meet and just to clamor for a living wage, but it is—and will be until far greater times than these—not always possible to secure a living wage. It is morally imperative to desire peace, but it is not yet likely that wars have ceased forever. In short, useful though mechanisms and agreements may be, society depends for improvement ultimately upon a living, sacrificial and intelligent charity on the part of individuals—the charity of Saint Bernard, Saint Louis, Florence Nightingale, Mother Seton, and—yes—Karl Marx (for charity was in him).

Third, to uphold the give and take of democratic institutionalism. In the final analysis, the civilization of the West has been active intelligence, generous and voluntarily collectivistic. Upon it there is engraved the eternal sign of freedom of election between good and evil; and any human authority which, for whatever reason, erases that sign is tyranny which sooner or later prevents the reconstruction of the individual. We have to pay for freedom, in time and in eternity. But keeping it, we at least have something to pay with.

Such is, I think, the essential structure of the outlook of the West. There is no California sales-talk in it—no gin, but also no headache. To defend that structure is no doubt the most imperative Christian obligation. It means resolute unwillingness to endorse stock promotion methods in favor of get-prosperous-quick schemes which sound as if one were in favor of the poor, but which mean at bottom that one has sundered allegiance to honesty and reason. It means persistent thumbing of the nose at the claims of impudent and officious riches. It means unflinching readiness to place one's life, fortune and sacred honor on any altar where the charity of God is worshiped. In the final analysis, it means simply that one has some sense and is a Christian.

There is, I believe, no other possible form of resistance to the Barbarian.

The Nest

From any trivial chip at all,
  From torn-off leaf and piece of string,
From broken twig, however small,
  A bird will build a nest to sing.

So many a cast-off, scanty bit,
  So many a tatter of defeat
The soul will rescue and with it
  Will nest itself in a retreat.

LOUIS GINSBERG.

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JOAN OF ARC—HERETIC OR SAINT?

By T. LAWRASON RIGGS

ON MAY 16, 1920, the frail, clear voice of Benedict XV was raised amid the tense silence of a throng that filled the vast area of St. Peter's. "In honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity," the Pope proclaimed, "for the exaltation of the Catholic faith and the growth of the Christian religion, by the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own, after mature deliberation, after offering many prayers to God, after having conferred with our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and with the Patriarchs and Bishops present in Rome, we declare that the Blessed Joan of Arc is a Saint and we inscribe her name in the list of Saints, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Just under five hundred years ago, on May 30, 1430, in the market place of Rouen, after Master Nicholas Midi, "for Joan's salutary admonition and the edification of the vast multitude," had preached a long sermon on the text, "If one member suffer anything all the members suffer with it"; after Peter Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had pronounced the final and irrevocable sentence, and had solemnly withdrawn in token of abandoning the prisoner to the secular arm; amid the taunts of soldiers and the sobs of the crowd, Joan, calling on her Saviour with her last gasp, was burnt as a relapsed heretic.

What is the relationship between the day of horror and the day of glory? Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the preface to his brilliantly effective play, is quite certain about the matter. Joan, he tells us, was both heretic and saint, in fact "one of the first Protestant martyrs." "Her notion of the Catholic Church was one in which the Pope was Pope Joan." She had a fair trial, and the decision was strictly according to law. Bishop Cauchon, though Mr. Shaw admits having flattered him in order to present "the innermost ascertainable truth of the situation," was guilty neither of bad faith nor of exceptional severity. The Church, however, for which Mr. Shaw has very real respect, was, he tells us, capable of the "magnificently Catholic gesture" of canonizing a Protestant saint, as "a person of heroic virtue whose private judgment is privileged." This is what, centuries after a rehabilitation which the play describes as full of perjury and corruption, the Church proceeded to do; and thus was the conflict between genius and discipline finally resolved.

What has history to say to such a theory? Was Joan's trial legally conducted by honest men acting according to their lights? Was its verdict the inevitable result of a clash between Catholic institutionalism and Protestant individualism? Was this verdict reversed only by the manipulation of evidence and by "calumny of the dead who did their duty"? Was the Church guilty, if not of compromising her infallibility, as Mr. Shaw is careful to explain, at least of action paradoxical enough to make a Shavian holiday?

If the Irish playwright were solely responsible for his thesis, the answering of these questions would be a matter of far less urgency, for no well-informed person is likely to regard the play as an important contribution to historical science. However, though Shaw, with his keen sense of dramatic effect, has deliberately simplified and exaggerated the "conflict" with which he deals, he did not have to invent the essentials of his interpretation. Similar interpretations of the voluminous evidence concerning Joan are found, in widely varying forms, in the works of influential historians, whom Mr. Shaw shows every sign of having studied.

Thus Michelet, though recognizing the illegality of Cauchon's refusal to allow Joan's appeal to the Pope, an appeal totally ignored by Mr. Shaw, considers that the vital question involved a struggle between "the visible Church and authority on the one hand, and, on the other, inspiration testifying to the invisible Church." Joan's Church, he tells us, "was visible only in her heart." "There God shone; how dim He was everywhere else!"

The same idea concerning Joan is expressed by Henri Martin. "It is the struggle," he writes, "between organized tradition, the external rule, constituted infallibility, against individual spontaneity, immediate inspiration, the interior voice."

Especially influential has been the study of Joan's trial and condemnation made by Jules Quicherat in his "Aperçus nouveaux sur l'histoire de Jeanne d'Arc," published in 1850. During the preceding decade this brilliant young paleographer had given to the learned world the first complete, or almost complete, edition of the documents relevant to Joan's trial and rehabilitation, a work which has been of inestimable value to all subsequent historians of the Maid. When, however, the paleographer became a critic in his "Aperçus nouveaux," his interpretation of the data he knew so well was in some respects highly debatable. He concluded that the trial was irreproachably legal in form, and that the documents recording it were completely trustworthy; he relied to a surprising extent on the word of

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Cauchon, though he described the bishop as "a passionate, guileful, and corrupt man"; and he cast doubt on the testimony given at the rehabilitation by stating that "the depositions of the witnesses which form the principal part, appear to have been subjected to numerous excisions."

Before questioning these statements it is useful to consider their relationship to each other. They are agreed with, wholly or in part, by many historians hostile or at least alien to the Church. It is, I believe, from the mentality of such historians rather than from an objective study of the evidence, that their conclusions spring. For to historians of this stamp it is, as it were, axiomatic that the Church must be the eternal enemy of any individual's claim to private inspiration, that she must attempt to crush it, and that the recognition of such inspiration is a peculiar prerogative of Protestantism and free thought. If this be true it follows that Bishop Cauchon's tribunal was, from the Church's point of view, after all right, and that Joan was really a heretic. Her trial, however horrible in its outcome, was therefore, again from the Church's supposed viewpoint, just, and the verdict was deserved. Consequently the rehabilitation process, which culminated in 1456, after Cauchon's death, with the quashing and annulling of the earlier verdict, was a striking example of self-contradiction by the Church. Thereby, to quote Quicherat, who is here less discriminating than Mr. Shaw, "the infallible Church reduced to nothingness a whole case directed and judged by the Church." Moreover, if the first verdict was "just," there was no need of resorting to illegal procedure in order to arive at it, and no need of distorting any facts in the official account of the trial. The rehabilitation process, which accuses Cauchon of doing both, thus becomes guilty, as Shaw says, of "calumny of the dead," and is presumably unreliable in other ways. In any case, it was, so to speak, a thoroughly un-Catholic process, and must have been inspired by merely political motives.

Such is the relationship between the theses supported by the historians in question. Starting from the assumption that the first trial was a true and characteristic expression of medieval Catholicism, they tend to defend its legality, and, in a way that seems at first sight paradoxical, to whitewash one of the most unlovely bishops of all time. As a consequence they view with suspicion the process of rehabilitation, and incline to question the testimony given thereat. I do not for a moment suggest that Quicherat or any other historian has deliberately set out to distort the evidence. But I believe that, under the more or less unconscious influence of a certain attitude toward the medieval Church, the evidence has often been dealt with in a way that is not objectively justified.

Reasons for this statement can only be briefly dealt with in the present article. Most important of all is the question of Joan's orthodoxy. Her "heresy," according to the twelve articles in which the charges against her were finally summarized, consisted essentially in her alleged refusal to submit the authenticity of her visions to the judgment of the Church. Now this question was exhaustively dealt with by the numerous and distinguished theologians whose opinions were drawn up for the judges of the rehabilitation. Together with the abundant testimony of the witnesses, these opinions formed the grounds of the verdict, which, in 1456, quashed the former sentence and officially cleared Joan's memory. The opinions were almost wholly omitted from the documents edited by Quicherat, on the grounds of their irrelevancy to the historical problem. Yet, as a matter of fact, they are of prime importance for a proper understanding of the whole matter. They do not essentially depend on any historical facts, except on those which are quite certain, notably that Joan appealed to the Pope, but that she declared her unwillingness to deny her "voices" on any consideration whatever—"God must be served first!" The theologians point out that Joan was right in rejecting the claim of her hostile and prejudiced judges to represent the Church. They emphasize of course the illegality of refusing to allow her appeal to Rome. Moreover, and this is the crux of the whole matter, they completely justify, on grounds which any Catholic theologian must recognize as sound, her refusal to deny her voices. Because, *in questions of fact involving no matters of faith,* the recipient of private revelations may have a direct certainty of their divine origin, which no human authority can ask him to disavow, which, indeed, he cannot disavow without sin. Even though he were mistaken as to the divine character of the revelation, they add, there would be no question of the guilt of heresy. It was after the study of these arguments that the judges of the rehabilitation, in their final verdict, so beautifully expressed their aim, "that our present judgment may proceed from the face of God, Who is the tester of spirits, Who alone knows perfectly the revelations which He deigns to make, and judges them most truly, Who breathes where He will, and often chooses the weak that He may confound the mighty."

These judges, consisting of an archbishop, two bishops and the grand inquisitor, Jean Bréhal, acting under the authority of the papal legate, the Cardinal d'Estouteville, emphatically endorsed the teachings which their consulting theologians had unanimously declared, and which the inquisitor himself had summarized. The Church's full authority thus agreed with Joan, and condemned the unworthy churchmen who had put her to death. It may be said, of course, as Henri

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Martin says, that the judges were out to justify her at all costs, just as Cauchon and his fellows were out to destroy her, and it is undeniable that political motives were involved. Can anyone seriously maintain, however, that such a tribunal would go to the length of solemnly endorsing a heretical defiance of the Church? Is there any meaning in describing as "Protestant" a position in which a papal legate and a grand inquisitor elaborately and officially concur?

Joan's freedom from all taint of heresy was thus amply vindicated centuries before she was inscribed in the calendar of saints, and this fact, far from being of interest only "to casuists and theologians," as Quicherat rather disdainfully remarked, is of the utmost importance for judging the significance of Joan's history. It is a fact, moreover, given the substantial agreement on the data which exists, of which theologians rather than historians are the competent judges, and from which it follows that the verdict of Rouen was essentially false.

It was, besides, illegally arrived at. Cauchon had no jurisdiction, for Joan was not his ecclesiastical subject, her alleged offenses had not been committed in his diocese, and his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop of Reims, had previously, at Poitiers, declared in favor of Joan's orthodoxy. The appeal to Rome was illegally refused. Joan had, in spite of Quicherat's allegation to the contrary, a canonical right to counsel and, as a minor, to an additional guardian. A vitally important illegality was Cauchon's refusal to consign Joan to an ecclesiastical prison, where she would have been tended by women. For it was her resumption of male clothing, as her only safeguard against the brutal soldiery who surrounded her, that constituted an essential part of the "relapse into heresy" which made her execution inevitable.

Is the official account of the trial completely trustworthy? No one questions the honesty of the recorders, yet it must be remembered that the interrogatories were necessarily abridged, and that the man who caused to be prepared and issued the official Latin version was Cauchon himself. His determination to serve the English by condemning Joan at all costs ignored all scruples, crushed all opposition and rode roughshod over legal obstacles. In spite of possible exaggerations in the testimony given at the rehabilitation, these facts are abundantly proved. Joan's first historian was, in short, her worst enemy; and though in spite of him she shines so gloriously through the mazes of the record, we have, to say the least, every reason to suspect that in important ways he did not hesitate to falsify the account.

The Rouen trial was as illegal as it was unjust, and the recognition of these facts enables us to view the process of rehabilitation in its true light. The witnesses who testified thereat were obviously neither impeccable nor infallible. They were telling of events which had happened some twenty-five years before, and those of them who had been involved in the earlier trial were perhaps more concerned with excusing themselves than with exonerating Joan. Political motives, now operating in the opposite direction, were certainly involved. Nevertheless one cannot read this much neglected testimony, so well summed up in Gabriel Hanotaux's masterly book on the Maid, without being impressed by its substantial sincerity and truthworthiness, against which no serious evidence has been offered. Taken together with the theological briefs whose tenor I have indicated, this testimony forms a document of prime historical importance, an importance which it is absurd to minimize for the sake of preconceptions in regard to the first trial. When the Church in 1456 solemnly proclaimed that the verdict of 1430 was null and void, and that Joan's memory was free from all stain and censure, she was not contradicting herself, she was, by the delegated authority of her Supreme Head, disavowing the crime of her unworthy officers, and inaugurating a course of events which culminated at long last with the raising of Joan to her altars.

The Poplars beside the Bay

The wind is their bell, their flower! The wind bends over the bay, and the leaves stir—a leaf, leaves; all, all are astir! they are aswarm before the great bent bell of the wind. They are like bees swarmed about flowers: they are like bees before being flower-bells.

More: they praise. The wind comes over the bay and his sleeves are filled with peace. He comes with uplifted hands. He comes with the peace of the day, the morning, in his sleeves. He comes like one from another land, bringing signs, bringing peace in his sleeves, in the sign of uplifted hands.

One leaf of the farthest tree has descried him! It is rejoiced, it turns, it arouses with its rejoicing a leaf, leaves—all the leaves of the tree! All the leaves have turned! all the leaves are singing praise!

See: all the trees! turned, praising!

See how the saints rejoice! how they are loud with praise before that bent bell-flower the wind! See how they have descried the wonder come from far off, peace in its sleeves! See how they praise the sign, the uplifted hands—the wind walking the sea.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

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THE THEATRE—TEN YEARS

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE THEATRE has changed less in ten years than most of our institutions. It is still held within tight bonds of convention, in spite of the passionate efforts of a few crusaders to endow it with new forms and to breathe into it the spirit of liberty and daring. I am referring, of course, to its dramatic conventions only, to such outer forms as the division of plays into neatly contrived acts and the limitations of dialogue to what poeple say rather than what they think or feel. The theatre has achieved a sort of spurious freedom of speech under the plausible excuse of realism. But that represents a change in taste rather than in form. In a period of vast economic and political revolution, the theatre has remained as stuffily conservative as if no such thing as the talking picture had come into being to threaten its supremacy in the world of make-believe.

It would be easy to rush to the theatre's defense by saying that it has done well to stick to its fundamentals, to those dramatic unities which have come down from Greece. But that is not the point. The famous dramatic unities concern theme and not outer form. They are like the principles of arithmetic. You can apply the figure one to describe electric lights as easily as candles. In the same way, a dramatic theme can have perfect unity and still be expressed in pantomime or with dialogue, in one long act or in fifteen short episodes, in conventional dialogue or in such a form as O'Neill's "spoken thoughts" in "Strange Interlude." The real inertia of the theatre can be simply illustrated by the fact that anyone who went to a play in 1924 and did not enter a theatre again until 1934 would give no gasp of surprise, except possibly at the quality of the new dialogue. Scenic treatment and lighting would be wholly familiar. The general quality of acting would be almost unchanged. The division of the play into acts with appropriate curtain climaxes would be as constrained and tight as ever. In fact, this Rip Van Winkle playgoer might even miss some of the spirit of deep adventure which abounded among the newer playwrights of 1924. Nowhere in New York would he find anything comparable to the crusading zeal of the old Provincetown playhouse. Much greater changes in the spirit and form of the theatre took place in the decade prior to 1924 than in the otherwise revolutionary years through which we have since passed.

Yet there is no good reason to draw from this relatively inert decade too pessimistic a view of the theatre. In 1931, I expressed the conviction that "the fatuous prosperity, which threatened to dull, and in many cases did dull, the creative mood at the close of the last decade, has met its own master in the tragedies and trials of world business depression. Orgies of prosperity have never lasted too long and never will. The intermediate years between inflation (mental as well as financial) and harassed depression will give again all that fine balance achieved in the middle twenties. There are terrors in world sickness which paralyze the creative will, and stinking vapors in strident prosperity which anesthetize it. But we are now entering another middle period, chastened, but with fear behind us." Within a few months after this was written—to be exact, in the early summer of 1932—we passed the nadir of our economic catastrophe. But much of the sickening fear generated by the three previous years still lingers with us. We are still in the tense, irritable and weakened period of convalescence—a period which every hospital nurse dreads with her patients—and it is far too early to say that creative forces and the spirit of bold adventure are dead. They are probably accumulating not alone new energy but a fresh and deeper insight as well and a mature power that will carry with it dignity.

In terms of individual playwrights, we have passed through a decade of disappointment. With almost the single exception of Eugene O'Neill, whose long and painful poet's quest has carried rumors of ultimate greatness in American life and letters, the playwrights of the early twenties have failed to live up to their first promise. Sidney Howard, for example, has largely forsaken the theatre for Hollywood. Howard showed many of the qualities of a true poet in his early work, but seemed to lack the stamina required to keep his poetic instinct uppermost. He became an excellent journeyman playwright and slowly crushed the more sensitive feelings which might have led him to real eminence. He is still young enough to recapture his innate idealism. But he has avoided the conflict which might have given him stature. Elmer Rice has failed to expand special qualities of "Street Scene." He still writes good drama, but his recent plays have lacked the quality of inner search. They have become singularly objective. Dan Totheroh, whose "Wild Birds" caught the full implications of lyric tragedy, has been as yet unable to match his inner conceptions with objective dramatic skill. His recent plays have been notable for individual scenes of astonishing beauty and power but also for inability to sustain both mood and conviction. Maxwell Anderson, using his very real talents

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largely in the field of historical drama, has grown, more than the others, in dignity and power of expression. But except for his collaboration with Laurence Stallings in "What Price Glory," he is hardly one of those who showed promise in the early twenties. His has been a slow and measured development from mediocre beginnings to a position of real eminence both as poet and dramatist.

The art of acting has suffered greatly from the encroachment of Hollywood, since the advent of talking pictures, and from the vast numbers of mediocre plays which have placed "type casting" rather than real acting skill at a premium. Hollywood's damage to the theatre might best be illustrated by the case of Edward G. Robinson, one of the finest artists ever to cross the stage of the Theatre Guild. With a rare intelligence, a deep intuition, a quick imagination, and a plastic face and figure, Edward Robinson was one of the very few actors of our times who could create a part wholly from within and so transform himself as to be almost unrecognizable from part to part. But on leaving the Theatre Guild, he had the misfortune to star in a play called "The Racket," in which he took the part of a gangster leader of the Capone type. Hollywood recognized a perfect "type"—little realizing that he would have seemed an equally perfect type in almost any other part—and since that unhappy day Robinson has remained the movies' greatest gangster. The theatre's loss was and is immeasurable. Helen Hayes has fortunately determined, so far, to divide her time almost equally between stage and screen, but many other fine talents are to be seen now only on the screen. And that is not the worst of it. Producers, anxious to sell the screen rights of their plays, have lost all desire for plays in which older actresses play the leads. The screen magnates must be presented with material in which they can visualize the creamy complexions of their youngest and most beautiful stars. Thus the finely maturing talents of many of our better older actresses tend to be ignored, and with them disappears a living tradition of richest importance to the stage.

To balance this loss, however, the demands upon actors have become more exacting. Directors are taking more pains to create an ensemble of smooth acting and are depending less and less upon the work of individual stars. The demand for good actors in minor parts is growing and critics are less lenient than they were with mediocre support for two or three leading artists. The pace or tempo of acting has also been accelerated, requiring greater certainty of technique and, above all, clearer diction. In these respects, there has been a slight visible gain in the theatre of the last decade. But this improvement in the average has been at the expense of the higher reaches of the art. Then, too, there have been many distinct individual disappointments, not always, we may suppose, the fault of the artists themselves, but rather of directors and managers who have not seen their real possibilities and encouraged them to finer achievements. What, for example, of Mary Ellis? A few years ago, after her extraordinary performance in "The Dybbuk," one would have said that by today her name would be on the lips of every theatre-goer. She had a positive and clear brilliancy, quite equal in its special way to that of Lynn Fontanne. Ruth Gordon has never emerged successfully from type parts. Claiborne Foster has temporarily given up the stage, although I believe this season is to see her return. Sylvia Field has failed to enlarge her scope. June Walker is less of an artist today than five years ago. The radiant Helen Gahagan appears but rarely, due to operatic ambitions—and the theatre is again a heavy loser. Mature artists such as Jane Cowl and Blanche Yurka are seen with disheartening rarity. Only Eva Le Gallienne, who has greatness as a person if not always as an actress, persists in a heroic determination to spend herself fully and bravely in the service of the best the theatre can offer.

In scenic design there has been almost a complete halt in the kind of aspiration once expressed so fiercely and burningly by Norman Bel Geddes. Thanks to the devoted encouragement of Mrs. Edith Isaacs in her *Theatre Arts Monthly*, scenic designers still have a medium through which at least the projects for their designs can be recorded and cherished against future needs. But the New York theatre itself has offered them less and less encouragement each year. The average stage setting is more conventional today than a few years ago, although frequently more ingenious by way of response to managers' demands for financial economy. We look in vain for the once imaginative outpourings of Geddes himself, of Robert Edmond Jones, of Donald Oensalger and even of Mrs. Bernstein. This may, perhaps, be a natural reaction of managers against the days when designers tried to outshine the play itself, but I feel it is due even more to that general spirit of lying fallow which comes from bewilderment in a world that is not only shaken but also, and far worse, aimless.

In the meantime, the substance of plays has changed violently. Within disarmingly conventional forms, the theatre has become the battle-ground of bitterly conflicting ideas. The last decade has witnessed the complete breaking down of all barriers of taste and proportion. Any sort of clinical discussion, even of the most insidious sexual perversions, is now received with a mere shrug of critical shoulders or else endowed with the glamor of art. The last vestige of restraint

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in dialogue has disappeared. All of this is part and parcel of the general collapse of mental and spiritual standards in the actual world which the theatre mirrors. In bringing to a temporary close ten consecutive years of play reviewing, I am conscious, above all else, of a sense of keen anticipation, derived not so much from any symptoms of deep change or recovery to be found in the theatre itself as from the sense of new directions being discovered in our national life itself. The theatre will follow that life. In the case of geniuses, such as Eugene O'Neill, it may even anticipate that life. But in its general average, the theatre of the immediate future will attain cohesion and power and a measure of fresh beauty only as new national ideals and standards of thought and of living begin to realize themselves. Those ideals and standards are plainly in the making today—or rather, in the process of rediscovery, for they are old in their interior meaning. Their outer forms will be of today, but their spirit and their integrity will be in the nature of a resurrection from a long and dark valley of pitiful confusion.

PSYCHOLOGISTS AND RELIGION

By JAMES J. WALSH

PROFESSOR LEUBA of the department of psychology at Bryn Mawr College has recently been trying once more, as he did some twenty years ago, to secure by means of a questionnaire definite data as to the religious beliefs of scientists. The results of his research are presented in an article in *Harpers Magazine* (August, 1934). The statistical conclusions indicate that there are many more professors of science at the present time in the colleges and universities in this country who are disbelievers in God and immortality than there were twenty years ago. He found also, as might have been expected under the circumstances, that many more students are disbelievers than before, and that there are many students who in their Freshman year were quite ready to express their belief in religion but lost their faith during the college course, so that there are many more atheists in the Senior classes than were to be found among the Freshmen when they entered.

It is not surprising that at least one of the professors of science who was thus questionnaired objected to having his religious views made the subject of publicity in this way. He had the modesty always supposed to be characteristic of the true scientist, because scientists know how little they know even with regard to the subject about which they know the most. They know how much there is to know that they would like to know, and they therefore hesitate to have their opinions quoted with regard to religion, a subject entirely apart from the ordinary occupation of their thoughts. The modest professor of science said, "I am refraining from complying with your request because I believe that real harm is done in announcing to the world the opinions of scientists relative to religious matters." Here was a man profoundly touched by that humble sense of quest which should characterize the scientist and make him hesitate to answer questions outside of the field to which he devotes his special attention. There is a feeling in the popular mind that a man who knows any one thing well must have opinions worth while with regard to other subjects, so that his opinion on almost any subject under the sun is worth publishing, but scientists should be the last ones in the world to permit themselves to be carried away by any such delusion.

Professor Leuba's principal contention with regard to the infidelity of college and university professors is founded on the state of mind with regard to God and immortality of the psychologists. There was no difficulty in securing opinions on this subject or answers to the questionnaire so far as the psychologists are concerned. They are always willing to share their conclusions, whatever they may be, with the public. More of them are disbelievers in God and immortality than in any other branch of science. According to the percentages from Professor Leuba's statistics, while there are 38 percent of believers in God among the physicists, and 47 percent of disbelievers, with 15 percent of doubters, only 10 percent of psychologists are believers, nearly 80 percent are disbelievers, and some 12 percent are doubters. Professor Leuba says that manifestly psychological learning makes almost impossible a belief in an interventionist God and the same thing holds for a belief in immortality. It is interesting to note that physicists who head the list of believers among scientists are dealing with materials that can be definitely reduced to laws, while psychologists are occupied with the vague ideas that parade under the name of psychology in the modern time.

With the history of modern psychology before one, it is amusing indeed to have Professor Leuba dwell on the fact that the opinions of his colleagues in psychology, so many of whom were infidels, constitute an argument against belief in

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religion. From the criterion of history, if there is any group of men whose opinions with regard to their own subject as well as that of related subjects is least likely to be worth-while, it is the psychologists. I know that, because for some thirty years I have been one myself. My psychological colleagues have fallen for all sorts of curious notions during the past two or three generations until the very fact that psychologists generally hold a particular opinion is the almost infallible sign that that opinion is not worth much.

Let us take some examples. About a hundred years ago most of the men who were engaged particularly in the study of the human mind and, above all, those in universities became converts to the idea that the external confirmation of the skull represented the individualities of the underlying brain and therefore of the intelligence associated with it. To have a projection on the skull in a particular region meant you had a certain amount of philoprogenitiveness, love of offspring, and therefore it would be surprising if you were to remain a bachelor. A flat space at that point, but still more, a hollow, was declared to indicate lack of love for children, and therefore an almost foregone tendency to bachelordom. A bump in another place meant combativeness, while its absence meant that you were a pacifist. Still another bump—and there were something like a hundred of them—indicated a tendency to suicide, while its absence meant that you were one who could stand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune without making your quietus with a bare bodkin.

A whole science was built up on these suppositions and the great body of teaching psychologists were caught by them and we had books galore written about them and magazines published concerned with them, and traveling psychologists who told parents what the vocation of their children should be—we have always been tinkering with vocational guidance—and most of the scientists were convinced that this represented a new development in the scientific understanding of man.

Phrenology had not gone out when mesmerism, or as it came to be called afterward, hypnotism, attracted attention. There were times during the nineteeth century when hypnotism was declared to be the key to the understanding of mental activity and a marvelous force for good in saving people from themselves. Psychoanalysis, as we have had it, just simply isn't in it compared with what hypnotism was supposed to accomplish in relieving the psychoneurotics and the tommyrotics and the neurotics and the erotics. The psychologists occupied themselves with it very much, wrote books about it, published articles with regard to it, and then after a while it went out, as phrenology had gone, but only to come back toward the end of the nineteenth century and occupy still more attention than before. But where is it now? Ask of the winds, etc. There are still a number of people who are ready to accept Axel Munthe's pretense to the possession of powers of hypnotism that do not exist.

And then the psychologists fell for Lombroso's stigmata of degeneracy, though at first glance they would seem to represent scarcely more than the physiognomy of the latter eighteenth century or the phrenology of the early nineteenth century. Stigmata of degeneracy have come and gone just as hypnotism did, and phrenology, but not before the new pseudo-science had made converts of a number of psychologists who taught it in the classroom, wrote books about it, and articles, of course, and now it is just an amusing contretemps in the history of delusions and disillusionments.

When behaviorism came along, psychologists generally took it up and we heard much about it. Have you noticed how the silence with regard to behaviorism is growing deeper as the years go on? It is going out, just as did the other psychological novelties, physiognomy, phrenology, hypnotism, stigmata of degeneracy. But the great disillusionment came with Freudianism. Think of all we heard about the Oedipus complex and the Electra complex, and how the interpretation of dreams was reintroduced as a diagnostic aid in our time, though it had been a most prominent feature of diagnosis in the old temple hospitals in Egypt something like 6,000 years ago. Agnes Repplier pointed out in her life of Père Marquette that among the Mohawks the interpretation of dreams because they disclosed the unwitting desires of the patients was an extremely important practise among the medicine men. If ever there were fantastical interpretations of dreams, they were those made by Freud, but how the psychologists did fall for Freud and the whole structure of phychoanalysis!

It would not seem, then, if the psychologists are the main supporters of atheism and infidelity in the colleges that that would mean very much. On the contrary, the danger to religion would be if the psychologists generally accepted belief in God and in immortality, for the great majority of their confirmed opinions have proved to be without foundation. If more than one in ten of the psychologists were firm believers in religion, one might very well have the feeling that there was room for considerable doubt with regard to these subjects because the experience of the past hundred years has been that whenever psychologists accepted a set of beliefs, especially on what they considered to be scientific grounds, these were almost certain to prove to be without foundation in truth.

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Poems

Interlude

It was the wildest vanity—
I thought that bird began for me.

I cannot reach men with my word,
So what have I to hold a bird!

And just as I who fail and fail,
Thought I had passed the blackbird's pale,

It was recalled to me afresh
Pride is conceived with mortal flesh,

For he broke off, forgetting all,
And sang three pure, plain notes, a call

That startled him as well as me.
It was such aimless ecstasy,

Unwary even in a bird,
A joy too naked to be heard!

Once on a sun-rinsed country day,
A barefoot boy, called in from play,

Came on an errand to our door,
And, at a loss upon the floor,

Knuckled one toe against the next,
Forgot the message, verse and text,

Broke off as if in some surprise
And smiled and smiled into my eyes.

What thought had sent that joyous stress,
That same defenseless happiness?

This is the only power of dust,
Its miracle, not flesh, but trust.

It passes water, flame, and air,
That have less reason for despair,

By this great rushing faith in joy
That comes unsought to bird and boy.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

Totalitarian State

Patriot, we want you whole:
Your fighting body, your fervent soul!
All for the sovereign nation's sake.
"My life, oh master, you may take,"
The youth replies, "my blood and bone.
But my fervent soul is not my own—
Not mine to yield at threat of sword:
My soul belongs to Christ, my Lord!"

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG.

Incandescent Trees

The sudden trees of lightning stand
  Along the edge of night
And make a sinister new day
  Of instantaneous light.

Their nervous, incandescent twigs
  Are bare of leaves and fruits,
The sap in them runs towards the earth,
  And death is at their roots.

But these are brothers of the trees
  Which take long years to grow
As the dusty nebulae
  Are brothers to the snow.

One law is in them all, to be
  Beautiful and shine,
In the slow fire of the oak,
  In the flame's design.

And love can never turn away
  Or close his eyes to these
Symphonic and symmetrical,
  Lovely, mortal trees.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

I Noticed Beauty

Once in a year of war I crossed the ocean.
All night we plunged down the dark roads of foam:
No searchlight felt our way across the night
Like a blind giant's staff of quicksilver;
No eerie dragon's-eyes of red and green
Signaled our presence in that waste of waves.
Grey as a shadow on slate, all night we ran
Blind, through the blinding darkness of the sea.
Window and door were draped and double-veiled
Lest one revealing word of light should say:
"Here is our life—come change it into death."
On the blown, narrow darkness of the deck
No one must strike the white splash of a match
To light the flame-bud of a cigarette.
Darkened we plunged across the darkened foam.

And I remember that I walked the deck,
Feeling the danger of our unlit ways
And the strange sea-hid peril of the night.
And yet the thing which I remember most—
The thing I noticed then and think of now—
Was not the hovering ambush of the sea,
But the strange phosphorescent fish that washed
Like blossoms made of light . . . like eerie flowers
Gleaming against our side. . . . It seemed our road
Was paved with flowers made of phantom suns.
Forgetting death, I found them beautiful.

MERRILL ROOT.

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ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON

By DANIEL SARGENT

"THE FACT is, we have been attempting to be a great business community as distinguished from an agricultural community, and have subjected agriculture itself to the laws of commerce and manufactures. We have attempted to do more business than the country required, or its capital or labor could sustain."

No, these words are not mine, nor are they words written by anyone in this year 1934. They were written in 1874 by Orestes Augustus Brownson, who was then seventy years old, and who died two years later, but who had by the dominant literary group of America been counted as dead since 1844 when he became a Catholic.

Let us hold a slight inquest on this first death of his. Brownson had been born in Vermont in 1803 from parents who held a vague and inherited allegiance to the Congregational Church. When their son grew up, he turned his back on that sect. With many of his generation he repudiated in horror its Calvinistic doctrines. With a few intellectuals he repudiated also "the acquisitive society" which was growing up around the Congregationalist "meeting-house" and which some have attributed largely to that Congregationalism. He became in short what in that day was vulgarly called a "come-outer," which was a name given to all who wished not merely to mend the old "Standing Order" of Puritanism but to go out from it. Emerson was a come-outer, so was the father of "Little Women," and the two benign Channings, and Theodore Parker, and Thoreau, and all the Utopians of Brook Farm.

Brownson became, not the leader of the come-outers—for they had no acknowledged leader—but *a* leader; one who commanded not by an Emersonian smile, but by a back-country ruggedness, a fearlessness in logic, and an immense erudition, self-acquired, which made him terrible in combat. In England by *Blackwood's Magazine* he was hailed as "the corypheus of the Transcendalists." In France Victor Cousin referred to him as one who promised to be in America "a philosophic writer of the first order." In Boston (whither he had migrated) he played the part of a Unitarian minister too independent for a congregation, who lectured to a group of spell-bound radicals, the Society for Christian Union and Progress. When his fellow come-outers began Brook Farm,, it was to Brownson they went as to their law-giver. He, more than any other American, had analyzed Saint-Simon and Fourier. He was the most independent, most audacious, most masculine of all the New England intellectuals.

Brownson in 1844, when he became a Catholic, did not cease to be a come-outer, for he was just as dissatisfied with the God of Calvin, and with the God of the merchants and manufacturers, i.e., Mammon, as he had been for twenty years, but he had become an invisible come-outer. He had taken a road which, to his comrades, did not exist: into a Church. After having fled from their Calvinism the very thought of a Church, God-established, filled them with inquietudes. In order to have peace of mind, they counted Brownson as among the dead. In order to think him dead, they did not look at him.

It would be hard for anybody who did regard Brownson from 1844, when he did not die, to 1876, when he did die, to think of him during that period as a dead man. He was a journalist who for almost the entire time wrote and conducted, single-handed, a review—*Brownson's Quarterly*—which is probably the most unflinchingly intellectual periodical of opinion that has ever existed even for a decade in our country.

By the other come-outers of Boston it was scarcely read. By the great mass of Catholics of the United States it could not be read, for they were too busy with pick and shovel, from midnight to midnight, to be able to look at it. It did find, however, enough readers who considered its editor alive to keep it alive. These readers were mostly Catholics and were, appropriately enough, pretty well spread over the world. A half of them were at one time from our Southern States, where Brownson's partiality to some doctrines of the Democratic party, and his friendship with John C. Calhoun, won him favor even among Protestants. A quarter of the copies crossed the Atlantic. In England, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Hungary, Brownson was talked about and corresponded with by the Catholic intellectuals who were interested in the great subject of that day: the relation of the Church to liberty. He did not agree with Newman. He did not agree with Veuillot. He did not agree with anybody. Yet he had to be taken into account for what he was himself. He belonged to no party, he represented no region (certainly not Boston). He was simply Orestes Brownson, a man with such vigor that he could not be treated as if he did not exist.

Dead! No reader of him in any country could have considered him as even sick: such a fighter he was. He was a vehement Catholic who rejoiced in the teaching authority of the Church, but he was also a come-outer who had become a Catholic by scorning public opinion, and he remained still

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unafraid of any mere public opinion even if it happened to be held by Catholics. He was used to standing alone, and was ready to defend what he considered to be the integrity of the Catholic doctrine even if still he had to stand alone. He was so jubilant at having discovered a divine authority that he wished to show how unawed he was by anything human. So he had many quarrels. He challenged good men, especially good Catholics. He fought with his neighbors. He fought with distinguished foreigners. When Louis Veuillot wrote to him that though he disagreed with him, he admired him, he wrote back to Veuillot that, though he admired Veuillot, he still disagreed with him. Brownson's Yankee belligerency kept him from ever making a false peace.

In 1876, Brownson, who had moved from Boston to New York, from New York to Detroit, died. His body was taken to Notre Dame University, Indiana, and his third life on this earth began.

It might seem as if his third life consisted in being our oracle who answered our questions almost a century before we asked them. Even in the 1840's he seemed to be talking to Irving Babbitt in the 1930's.

"Now the peculiarity, we cannot say the originality, of transcendentalism consists precisely in declaring the flesh superior to the spirit; this inferior soul, or what Christianity pronounces the inferior soul, superior to the rational soul . . ." (see Brownson's "Works," volume VI, page 32).

And is he not here—he who is certainly no Socialist—having something to say as a Catholic to President Franklin Roosevelt?

"But in this competition there is only a delusive equality. In it the honest man stands no chance with the dishonest. The baker who feels bound to furnish thirty-two ounces in his two-pound loaf, cannot compete with him who has no scruple in charging the full price of a two-pound loaf for eighteen ounces. . . . We tempt men to get rich—honestly if they may, but at any rate to get rich—by the contempt in which we hold poverty, and the honor which we pay to wealth, as I have already intimated" (see volume IV, page 237).

Brownson saw many problems in his own day which his contemporaries refused to see, and those problems surprisingly resemble ours. But he could not foresee our precise economic and political predicament and he therefore is not our political and economic oracle.

He did see the philosophical problems which have not changed, and he can be thanked for having told American Catholics in the loudest voice that they needed a philosophy congruous with their faith, and that it was time they got rid of their Cartesianism. But did he himself solve any metaphysical problems? There seems to be some doubt about it.

Brownson lives on, not so much as an oracle, but as an unforgetable model for journalists, especially Catholic journalists (who alone have heard of him). We none of us expect of a journalist that he shall not err, but we do expect him to clarify. Brownson undoubtedly erred but he was forever clarifying. In the day in which he lived he was treated as a kill-joy, for at the somewhat inebriated feast where "Democracy" and "Liberty" were the heady wines, he asked too many questions. He would not let well-enough alone. Now, however, the feast is over, and we are ready to hear what he has to say, and we ask for his voice when it exists no longer.

While he was still in flesh and blood, the editor of *Brownson's Quarterly*, Catholics felt that they had to apologize for his tactlessness, which they did—not always on their part tactfully—by explaining that he had been born a Yankee Puritan and could not get over it. Nowadays Catholics are drawn rather to pride themselves on his tactlessness. It is a significant fact that the least servile journalist who has ever existed in this country was a Catholic. Who else has been so unwilling to take anything into consideration except the truth (the often unwelcome and seemingly impolitic truth)? Quite appropriately, therefore, at every gathering where Catholics celebrate any anniversary in their very difficult battle to found a Catholic press, Brownson stands in the background, a giant, in mind and body, a come-outer who really came out, and who, though he died during his life several deaths, cannot even now be entirely quelled.

NOT THE LAST WORD

By MARY KOLARS

IT IS the charm of children that the last word can never be said of them. Not that they cannot be categoried and defined; but they re-create every truth that touches them, so that it must be stated afresh for each child, even if it is stated the same. A sense of the uniqueness of our own experiences is the mark of our human identity. But the child's uniqueness communicates itself to others. Not the child only, but the observer as well, feels the primordial freshness of the child's perceptions and thoughts and acts. That is why anyone truly attentive to the ways of children never tires of them, though there is a recognizable pattern, faithfully repeated, in every stage of childish growth. He considers every manifestation with a new delight, because it springs new, instantly created, from the child who makes it.

The child's power to startle, of course, is not limited to the operation of this poetic strangeness. He can startle also by being strange in the obvious way. One not close, in blood or love, to a particular child, does not always understand how deeply disconcerting this may be. I once said to the mother of a grown son that the love of children seemed to me the only human love which

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emancipates. All other affections are reciprocal—not narrowly or meanly so, but necessarily so, by the terms of living; only to a child can one give as love wills to give, happily, unstintedly, with no care for gratitude or return, since all one seeks is the happiness of the child. The woman is a gifted and generous being, and has been a conspicuously successful mother. She looked at me as a woman who knows looks at a woman who does not, and said:

"You have never had a child or you would not talk so glibly about not wanting anything from it. You know nothing at all about sorrow until you have loved your child and seen it there opposite you—your own yet not at all your own, utterly remote and a stranger."

Then she talked, amusedly and amusingly, about the forms this remoteness had taken in her son, who is now famous, and completely devoted to her. But I felt that she had stated what had been her most ineradicable experience in motherhood.

Another friend has had this experience almost as poignantly at two removes. She has a brother who reflects perfectly her own delicacy for others, her own deep gentleness of heart, and her own secret but terrified shyness before the assurances and clamors of life. They have for each other not only family love but the bond of completely shared understanding. After years abroad she has now returned, to find her brother's infant son grown into a visible replica of his father at the age of ten.

"Feature for feature," she told me, "it is Charles all over again as a little boy. Yet this little boy has no heart. He is happy, and good enough, but he really cares for no one. He goes shouting through the house, carrying that face of Charles that used to wear such exquisite concern for others, without a gleam on it for anything but himself."

The humorous helplessness of her smile did not conceal a perplexity that I think will be permanent. Sigrid Undset has seized this occasional changling quality in children as no other modern writer, and though she never presents it with the detachment of humor (the one lack in her fine genius), she presents it with that deeper detachment that she uses with such atoning magic that humor is forgotten; the detachment of a sense of destiny, the knowledge that life may not be questioned for these tricks on its servants. All her children are, if not different from their parents, at least almost cruelly apart from them; but the children in "The Master of Hestviken" are as truly, as weirdly different as if they were fairies.

There is another fairylike quality, much more widely shared by children, though not often manifested. A baffled mother described it by saying that a child will sometimes show you a corner of his soul that makes you wonder if the waters of baptism reached that far. An unconscious secrecy, an instinct for horror, an occasional cruelty or unhumanness, are spontaneous in the loveliest, the most purely reared children. Writers like Richard Hughes and especially Cocteau have made too much of this; but it is there. Mr. Chesterton, who has written very little about children, but never otherwise than with penetration, has said that they cannot be wholly protected from images of terror and dread, for they manufacture such images themselves.

Certainly the child at least wishes to manufacture them, even when he has no materials. He knows that some dimension of experience is being kept from him, and when he finally stumbles upon it, he is not more terrified than pleased. "Weren't you afraid of meeting some awful-looking thing coming around the corner?" such a protected child asked hopefully, when I described to her mother a walk home late at night, after an accident had put out the street lamps. "You are the devil and look very bad and terrible," was the stage direction given an actor in some impromptu dramatics being transacted in the nursery. Or the child will hover over a picture of natural horror. "When the car ran over him, did all his blood come out?" persisted a little boy after a series of questions eliciting the concrete facts of an accident. Children need not be taught shooting, gouging or knifing by the movies to play at them with relish. A child who can have no first-hand image of cracked skulls will nevertheless wield a phantom club and describe its effects with satisfaction: "Now you are dead and the insides of your brains are splashed all around." The young Robert Hugh Benson typified all childhood when he said that he always expected, entering a dark room, to trip over a corpse into a pool of blood.

The children I know are uniformly tender of animals, but they will invent severe rigors for their dolls or (in play) their companions. After a little girl's idyllic trip—her first—to the country, where she spent hours of tender delight watching and talking to the chickens, she brought one of her dolls to me. "She is very spunky and naughty," she said. "Do you know what she does? She lets the chickens out of the chicken yard. So do you know what I did? I shut her up with them all night in the dark." It was another little girl, an entrancing baby literally cradled in love, who gave me my first taste of this quality. "What would you do," I asked her after vainly trying to check some naughtiness, "if you had a little girl who wouldn't stop doing this?" "Hit her in the face," she replied without hesitation.

Yet children take naturally to religion. I do not know whether the two-year-old who had never seen a crucifix until she unhooked mine from the wall, is a case in point; but I was struck in a way I shall always remember when she said softly and thoughtfully: "It is a Man. Hello, Man." A young child will get more excitement out of reciting prayers and hymns to you than out of reciting rhymes. An eight-year-old lad once put me smartly through the Creed, the Confiteor and so on—chanting along with me, always a little louder and a little faster, to show his greater proficiency. He was not especially pleased when I proved to be letter-perfect, but after the Act of Contrition, his face brightened. "I know it that way, too," he observed loftily, "but we don't say it that way. Brother Francis says

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he doesn't like it that way. He says it's a funny thing to tell God you are sorry you offended Him because you are afraid you will go to hell. We say it this way"—repeating a shortened form, in which only the love of God was mentioned as a motive. I so heartily approved of Brother Francis's general approach that I did not venture on a discourse on perfect and imperfect contrition.

In the same spirit, a little convent girl with whom I was examining some pictures of Our Lady, suddenly demanded: "Was she a good Mother?" "Of course," I replied, astonished. "Yes," she said, her tone relaxing as to a fellow-initiate, "she was the best Mother in the whole world." She knew; she had wanted to satisfy herself that I knew too.

Children get a deep, curiously matter-of-fact satisfaction from their devotions, especially their Communions; and they unquestionably approach the confessional with greater ease than was felt in my day. I cannot readily imagine going, as a child, into the awesome black cubicle to tell the priest that I had committed no mortal sins all afternoon, but that my little brother had swung on the screen door, and my little sister eaten the raisins out of a cake. That is what a six-year-old of my acquaintance did, as she casually told her mother later. Nor is she a stupid or forward child; in point of fact, her religion is very important to her. I will confess that her attitude seems to me an improvement over the soul-searching which drove a young contemporary of mine—she having seen the expression "connived (winked at)" in the adult examen questions—to tell the absolving priest: "Father, I connived five hundred times."

It is strange that, in a recounting of the merely psychological advantages of confession, an important one escapes notice. It is obvious that for the child the confessional is an unrivaled school of individuality. It gives him a separate and deep experience, in which even his family has no part. It detaches him from all the groups in which he is normally merged; and gently yet very positively it compels him, in this solemn isolation, to exercise the chief instruments of individuality—his knowledge of himself as apart from all others, which is his conscience, and his power over himself, which is his will. Students of character formation who deplore the emotional possessiveness or the irrational tyranny of certain types of family, should be struck, I think, by this power of the confessional to rescue and reconstitute the child, to define his personality for him in the most vital terms.

Children's most talked-of trait is their imagination, yet one is never prepared for the particular forms it takes. It is not confined to lonely children, though it operates most vividly in them. One solitary little girl lived happily for three years with Yula and The Cousins. Yula was kept at night in a covered kettle in the kitchen, and let out every morning. The Cousins appeared (so to put it) only on public occasions—in a street-car, for example, where the child's efforts to clear a place for "them" beside her on a crowded seat sometimes puzzled other passengers. Another child of six, during her first ocean summer, spent hours each day calling the waves by name. They were surprising, orotund, Italianate names, like something out of the "Faerie Queene"—Martello, Domiliano, Spiretta—and she seemed capable of rolling them out inexhaustibly; but one wave, that stole up behind her each day and tried to drench her, bore the English compound title (instantly evolved) of Star Wave Mischief. Her relations with this wave, its misbehavior, the punishments she devised for it, colored her summer.

Of course no normal child confuses these images with reality; he knows he is playing a game, and quickly shows it when any adult mistakenly joins in. Step on an imaginary snake, or sit on a visitor you cannot see, and the child will assail you; but begin to ask him grave, respectful questions about these invisibles and he will at once show embarrassment, both for himself and for you. His queer, teased look tells you plainly that he knows you know better. A few children will deliberately play up to this grown-up notice, like one half-grown girl whose parents stop their automobiles so that she can talk to the fairies; but the authentic imaginer functions best and forgets soonest in an atmosphere of indifference. A four-year-old boy who is at it constantly—he awoke one morning proclaiming that a menagerie was stabled in the tool house, and later took his six-year-old sister on a round of the cages, describing to her fourteen different animals with considerable detail—is happy in a mother wise enough to practise systematic disregard. When he speaks of his preoccupations, she answers perfunctorily. When he drops them, she asks no questions. Thus the child satisfies whatever need the images are evoked to meet, and retains undisturbed his trust in his mother's stability and sense.

The delight of children's unaffected comments is endless. One happy sort results from the efforts of their small logic to measure the world. The argument of a three-year-old impatient of delaying too long between carousel rides—"But I'm just a little girl; all I need is a little rest"—expresses a point of view. So does the unconscious Irishism of a six-year-old: "But mother, I'm afraid I don't know enough to go to school." And a baby, jealous of her sister's birthday importance, on being told that her own birthday was "far away," unwittingly lisped out a formulary in higher physics: "Then I'm going to get right on a train and go there." On the other hand, a ten-year-old boy was making free, without knowing it, of an ancient, if not an honorable, staple of professional humor when he responded to his mother's pointed complaints: "I did wash my face, mother. I think I must have one of those Oedipus complexions."

And not the humor or error but the promise of genuine wit—the wit of pithy evocation—was surely displayed by a little fellow of three and a half in summing up his visit to the parochial school, where Sister was his firm friend. He had received special attention, as he told his mother happily:

"Sister said something to Donny."

"What did she say to Donny?"

"She said, 'That's louder enough, Donny.' "

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has issued in pamphlet form a program for the participation of Catholic schools in American Education Week, November 5 to 11. The topics to be discussed are: "Catholic Education," "Christian Culture," "Catholic Missions," "Leisure Time Activities," "Rural Life" and "Catholic Action." * * * During the recent general strike in Spain 2,500 Catholic social action leaders attended this year's *Semana Social* at Saragossa. They sought especially a Christian solution for the plight of Spanish agricultural workers. * * * Addressing a congress for the betterment of the pariahs, or "untouchables," Mahatma Gandhi declared that the pariah's lot would be improved only when all Indians were ennobled by virtue. He said that the contemplative life of the Trappist monks was the pathway to this enoblement and described with feeling his visit as a young man to a Trappist monastery in South Africa. * * * The Liverpool Catholic Land Association has decided to buy 120 acres of arable and pasture land for a training farm to encourage and enable men to return to the land. * * * At the Church of St. Roch, Paris, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of the great French poet and dramatist, Pierre Corneille, was commemorated by a solemn requiem Mass attended by practically all the artists of the Comédie Française. * * * Beginning in the November issue of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review,* there will be a series of Conferences on Catholic Action, which will appear in the magazine throughout the 1934-1935 ecclesiastical year, "to create a uniform, universal appreciation of the urgent need of Catholic Action and of its ideals and aims, for such an understanding is an indispensable prerequisite for its universal adoption."

The Nation.—The American Bankers' Association convention in Washington, which was addressed by the President, appeared to be carrying out the old Indian ceremony of smoking the pipe of peace. A few hatchets still unburied gleamed in the belts of a few business men, but the total impression of the gathering was of reassuring peace and the promise of concerted effort of government and business to speed the nation along the path to recovery; there will be less experimenting, more stabilizing and the bankers are apparently looking for borrowers. With the reexpansion of the credit structure, a definite acceleration in business may be expected. * * * The National Recovery Administration in a semi-official announcement half way between a "trial balloon" and a definite declaration of policy intimated that, without disturbing existing codes any more than necessary, NRA will cease to curb industrial output. The new policy will look to increased production, lower prices, higher consumer demand and more employment. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has also indicated that there will be an easing off of A.A.A. crop reductions. * * * The Right Reverend William T. Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, in his sermon (referred to in the main editorial, this issue) at the Sunday service attended by the general convention of the Episcopal Church, declared that his church was "fundamentally and definitely Catholic" and that its heritage of Apostolic succession barred it from union with Protestant communions whose ministry required no laying on of hands by a bishop. The pastoral letter of the bishops affirmed the militancy of their church, severely condemned "the menace of Reno," "the infamous practises of the manufacturers of munitions and armaments," immoral plays and novels, and the "lamentable inadequacy of existing economic systems"; and endorsed collective bargaining, unemployment insurance, old age insurance and the abolition of child labor.

The Wide World.—The murder of King Alexander had repercussions. At Belgrade a Little Entente conference decided to issue a communiqué, drawn up in cooperation with the Balkan Entente, asking European states to keep a strict watch over terrorist organizations. While all direct reference to Hungary and Italy was avoided, it was made apparent that resentment of the fact that in both countries organization of Macedonian extremists was aided as well as permitted had found expression in official and popular circles. To this was added another flare-up when General Hermann Goering stated that responsibility for the Marseilles crime must be placed on Russia. * * * Dissident pastors in Germany decided on a National Free Synod, parishes belonging to which would refuse to pay the government ecclesiastical tax and instead support their own communions. Therewith Reichsbischof Mueller was automatically constituted an interloper and an unorthodox state functionary. The Reichsbischof was meanwhile having other difficulties. Inside his own group, partizans for and against the "national church" idea sponsored by Dr. August Jaeger, civil administrator of the Lutheran body, were locked in battle. * * * The Austrian "Brown Book," published on October 2, aims to prove that the assassination of Dr. Dollfuss and other Nazi outrages were planned in Germany. At least equally interesting is the section devoted to the history of National-Socialism in Austria. This tends to prove that the organization was almost from the beginning comprised of noisy elements led on by intense hatred of the Jew. * * * General feeling among observers, as reflected in the correspondence to the American and British press, was that the outcome of the Spanish revolution had strengthened the republic. Señor Gil Robles, speaking in behalf of the strong Catholic party, vigorously repudiated charges that he was abetting either monarchical restoration or Fascist dictatorship.

Editors' Note: The Survey, curtailed this week for lack of space, will appear in the usual four-page section in future issues.

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Communications

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I am pleased to learn that THE COMMONWEAL is to commemorate its tenth anniversary. The special number that will be issued, I am sure, will tell the story of notable achievement in Catholic journalism.

It seems to me that the ideal you had in mind ten years ago has been constantly adhered to in order to meet a special need not covered by other Catholic publications. It is gratifying to know that THE COMMONWEAL has been regarded within and without Catholic circles as a weekly of outstanding service to Church and nation.

I hope that the tenth anniversary will be an occasion of renewed interest in THE COMMONWEAL, thus assuring its future.

PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES,
Archbishop of New York.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor: I join my congratulations on the tenth anniversary of THE COMMONWEAL to those of the multitude of men and women who will write you of their happiness at seeing an important piece of work well done. In the decade through which the paper has come its editors have managed to accumulate a fund of valuable experiences and to make adjustments that fit the paper in very comfortably with the other influences through which the Faith makes human affairs fruitful.

I trust your readers will continue to be aware of you as a potent and gracious agency of the Faith and that they will not fail you in loyalty and helpfulness.

MOST REV. HUGH C. BOYLE,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

Clinton, Mass.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL has been an outstanding, effective and militant factor in stimulating Catholic Action during the past ten years. It deservedly holds a commanding place in the Catholic life of America. It exemplifies the best ideals of what the Catholic press should represent.

May the splendid record of the past ten years be an inspiration to the editors of THE COMMONWEAL to push forward on a wider and even more effective front in the future.

DAVID I. WALSH.

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: I read THE COMMONWEAL regularly every week, not only because of its admirable articles on religion and the world in general, but because of its splendid reviews of the drama and of new books and of other things that are particularly interesting to me. It is a first-class periodical, in its editorial policy, in its excellent contributed articles and in its general attitude. It is a credit to modern journalism, and I wish it long life and prosperity. Such a periodical was never more needed.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editor: I congratulate THE COMMONWEAL on the occasion of its tenth anniversary. This publication under your editorship has made a brilliant contribution to the intellectual, social and religious progress of our country. Its comment has been stimulative and helpful.

I share with you the feeling that we are on the threshold of a decade which is bound to develop great social changes. That these may be a part of the onward march of human rights and happiness is my profound hope. The times call for the best thought and the most unselfish leadership. The moral and spiritual elements that are supplied by THE COMMONWEAL constitute the one indispensable ideal toward which the world must strive.

WILBUR L. CROSS.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Every Catholic in America should be interested in promoting the splendid work which THE COMMONWEAL has been doing during the past ten years. This weekly review of literature, the arts and public affairs, particularly from a Catholic standpoint, is filling a long-felt want, and Catholic people, particularly, should be interested in making suggestions for your future work and such constructive criticisms of your policies as may be helpful in developing THE COMMONWEAL into an ever greater Catholic institution.

In these days, when radicalism is spreading throughout the entire world destroying Christianity and other religions, the need for a journal of this type is particularly important.

JOHN J. RASKOB.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I have seen with a great and sympathetic interest that you are shortly to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of THE COMMONWEAL.

I want to be among the first to congratulate you—you and the little band of Catholic-minded gentlemen who have so gallantly carried on that effort which is among the brightest things of our recent Catholic and American history. As I was glad to remark at the celebration of our own jubilee recently, during the nearly ten years that I have been editor of *America* I have always recognized clearly the fact that your paper was no competitor of our own, but a fellow laborer in the great cause of the spread of Christ's Kingdom. So all of us who are interested in that cause have cause for self-congratulation that THE COMMONWEAL has been and that it has performed such signal service.

We have all of us long proclaimed the necessity of our Catholic laymen undertaking great things for the Church. Now that they have undertaken and brought to fruition what I consider the one greatest lay activity now existing, it would be nothing less than a tragedy that it should not survive.

May it survive—long and gloriously!

REV. WILFRID PARSONS, S. J.

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TO the Editor: I read THE COMMONWEAL with ever-increasing appreciation for its high literary character and spiritual tone. I have repeatedly received valuable guidance and stimulation from its editorials and contributed articles. Influential Protestants known to me share my sentiments concerning your esteemed journal. Nor can I easily conceive any intelligent Roman Catholic home without THE COMMONWEAL.

I congratulate Mr. Williams, the staff and the managers on this its tenth anniversary. May the next decade be marked by its widely extended circulation and influence as a truly needed and efficient organ of the Christian faith.

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: To THE COMMONWEAL on its tenth anniversary I offer unqualified congratulations, and the heartiest of good wishes. It is an achievement in Catholic journalism of the very first importance. Its editors may be and doubtless are keenly aware of how far their performance has fallen short of their hopes, for editors never can be satisfied. But its readers should be grateful for that performance.

Here we have a layman's paper devoted to expression of the "mind of the Church" at a time when it can be truly said that in that "mind"—and only there—lies the answer to the terrible problem of how to save our very civilization. If I were to select for especial commendation any one of its many good features I would point to the conspicuous fairness and urbanity with which it addresses its readers in discussing the issues of the times which are so sharply controverted amongst us. Coupled with its fine scholarship this makes THE COMMOWEAL in the highest degree persuasive and informing. It is light and not heat that we need in these days—something that is only too often forgotten in Catholic journalism. THE COMMONWEAL gives us light without heat. It is an absolutely indispensable feature of our Catholic life, to be preserved at any cost.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The country at large, including particularly the non-Catholic population, has now for ten years looked confidently to THE COMMONWEAL for Catholic opinion on contemporary events. In that decade, Mr. Michael Williams and his associates have met the requirements of that large public with conspicuous success. They have appreciated instinctively the temper of the American mind; they have spoken of things Catholic in a language "understanded of the people"; not studiously but spontaneously they have employed the very tone of voice, so to speak, of the typical educated cultured American.

In consequence, THE COMMONWEAL has performed a service of as much importance to the country as to the Church. So necessary is that service that it would be tragic if it were to cease or be interrupted. Those of us who feel—and who does not—that the mental and

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moral health of the United States depends upon the prevalence, or, to speak more precisely, the dominance, of a moderately conservative and at the same time sufficiently liberal philosophy of life, will hope not only for the continuance but for an increasing influence of THE COMMONWEAL in its succeeding decades.

REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C. S.P.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The tenth anniversary of the founding of THE COMMONWEAL recalls to my mind the fact that since it first came to my notice about seven years ago, it has been the only periodical which I have regularly read from cover to cover, without missing a single issue.

That THE COMMONWEAL has done, and is still doing a great constructive job in the field of Catholic Action is to put it very mildly. Its influence appears to radiate throughout the country into the most unexpected places; thus, in my contacts in general business fields in recent years, I have heard it quoted again and again. It has become, unquestionably, one of the really respected journals of the country in both Catholic and non-Catholic fields.

Congratulations are in order on the completion of your tenth year, and I, for one, express them heartily enough. But more than this, the messages of good-will and of confidence in the continued and growing success and influence of the journal during the years to come, is what I wish to join in. Most of us would find it hard to go on, mentally, without THE COMMONWEAL in these confusing, chaotic times.

JOHN MOODY.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: It is a heretic who speaks, so you must not take his words too seriously, but he says what he thinks is true in stating the large usefulness to the community of so thoughtful and educated an expression of Catholic opinion. My own agreement with the views of the editor of THE COMMONWEAL are often so pronounced that I rather suspect my own Protestantism, but these convictions assure me that in the civic and social, as well as in the religious, world you are leading the good life.

I hope that these first ten years are but the threshold of a large and rich experience.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor: I have read THE COMMONWEAL from its first issue, and with constant profit. It is a well-informed and well-written paper, and it presents the Catholic point of view with dignity, urbanity and wisdom. My trade requires me to read all the weeklies of opinion, both American and English. There is none that I look forward to with greater pleasure, or from which I extract more useful information. I only wish the Protestant and agnostic camps had spokesmen of equal effectiveness.

H. L. MENCKEN.

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Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: The fulfilment of the promise of America presupposes a robust atmosphere of critical inquiry into the continuing validity of our traditional institutions no less than into all proposals for their modification. Only thus can we be assured of the continuing moral foundation of our institutions. The free play of a responsible spirit of inquiry is especially vital in a heterogeneous society like our own, with its important diversities as to racial origin and religion. In this basic work of education THE COMMONWEAL has for ten years had an honorable and important share, and I deem its voice indispensable in the years of stress and strain that unquestionably are ahead of us. All my good wishes salute you!

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Many non-Catholics who are personal friends of American Catholics have an immeasurable sense of indebtedness to THE COMMONWEAL. We bitterly regret the persecutions of Catholics in earliest colonial days, in the nativist activities of the 1830's, the Know-nothing movement of the 1850's, the A. P. A. of the 1890's and the Klan of the twentieth century. We are hopeful that the social distance between non-Catholics and Catholic fellow citizens will be lessened. We know, however, that the discrimination of Protestant majorities against Catholics in an un-American fashion in the past cannot be explained or cured simply by thinking of these

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majorities as composed of people who are "full of the devil." The mass of Protestants have sincerely entertained fear of Catholicism and her people—fear of what seemed strange, disturbingly unfamiliar, frighteningly occult. Until the publication of THE COMMONWEAL all too little pains were taken by Catholics to allay unfounded suspicions. Theological intransigence (which one can understand and approve) unconsciously dictated a protective civic isolation on the part of Catholics (which is indefensible in the American democracy). The Calvert Associates and their publication have thrown bridges of communication and understanding between Catholics and non-Catholics.

Thus it is that the many Protestants and Jews in the United States who have learned to respect Catholicism, and who appreciate the cultural contribution Catholics are making to the spiritual life of this nation in terms of the classical humanities, reckon THE COMMONWEAL as an important instrument in fostering wholesome human relations in America.

EVERETT R. CLINCHY.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL comes regularly to my desk and is read with keen interest and satisfaction. It offers from week to week a measured, carefully thought out and finely expressed series of comments on outstanding news and new publications. I value it highly.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

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Books

Our Saviour

The Son of God, by Karl Adam; translated by Philip Hereford. New York: Sheed and Ward. $3.00.

THE BOOK is an answer to the question which Rudolf Eucken tersely formulated and which has since been frequently reiterated: "Can we still be Christians?" Those who ask the question give us assurance that we may still cling to Christianity provided we reinterpret it in terms of humanism, pragmatism, pantheism or some other modern theory. But for traditional and orthodox Christianity with Christ, the Son of God, as its center, they hold out little hope. Practically, therefore, we can be Christians only by abandoning the essence of Christianity. In contrast with these unsatisfactory efforts to save Christianity for the man of today, the author shows that Christianity need not be denatured and emptied of its original content in order to be acceptable to reason and to satisfy the requirements of rational thinking. He proves that the distinction between the Christ of faith and the Christ of history, to which rationalism has resorted, is untenable and a pure and arbitrary fiction. Only one concession he makes to the modern mind, and that is one, not of principle, but of method.

The so-called modern mind is subjectively oriented and profoundly interested in psychology. Through the subject and through psychological interpretation it seeks the way to objective reality. Though dangerous, this method is not necessarily wrong and with due precautions may be utilized by the apologist in the interests of truth. It is on this ground of the rationalist's own choosing that the author meets the false friends of Christianity who, while professing to adapt it to the exigencies of a new age, really destroy its substance and leave only a sad caricature. The approach of the author, thus, is psychological. From the human values inherent in Christianity he leads up to its Divine and supernatural character. This manner of procedure, without obscuring the Divine attributes of Christ, places a special emphasis on His human perfections and, hence, to the extent that this can be done, draws the august personality of the Lord down to the level of sympathetic human understanding and endears Him to the human heart. It is the way of Saint Augustine and Saint Bonaventure, both of whom held that faith is not merely an intellectual process but a reaching out of the heart and of our entire spiritual and moral nature. It stands for a wholesome mysticism unifying and integrating human nature which the modern analytical age tends to break up into isolated fragmentary aspects without any interior bond. This manner of approach, which happily is again coming into vogue, as appears in a number of recently published books on Christ (Reatz, Goodier, Sheen), would recommend itself to Pascal and has the great advantage of making knowledge contributory to piety and devotion. Thomas a Kempis, who deplores the barrenness of mere intellectual knowledge and the inefficacy of dialectical skill, would delight in this mode of presentation, which is not new but repre-

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sents a return to the most devout days of Christianity, when faith was not regarded as abstract intellectual assent but as an expression of the whole personality and when truth and life were fused into one. We are fast moving away from the arid intellectualism which the need of polemical defense against Protestantism forced on Catholic theology. In fact, the popularity deservedly enjoyed by the writings of Dr. Adam is due to their strong mystical infiltrations and their simultaneous appeal to head and heart. The volumes which he has given us, therefore, are useful as sources of information but will serve equally well as spiritual reading.

The Person of Christ is central in these pages. It is its own convincing testimony and apology. The mental and moral stature of Christ proclaims the hidden Divinity and by itself is quite sufficient to guarantee the astounding claim which He makes concerning Himself. In view of that unearthly yet thoroughly human figure, dwarfing all human greatness, external signs seem to be of subordinate importance. But, however uncontrovertible Christ's witness to Himself may be, the Heavenly Father has added to it a confirmation that silences doubt: the Resurrection. With rare brilliancy the author defends the historicity of the Resurrection and sets forth its bearing on Christ's self-revelation. The book concludes with a beautiful chapter on the redemptive work of Christ.

Apparently, the translator, whose name on the title page shows in very small print and remains almost unnoticed, has no other desire than to efface himself. In this he succeeds rather well and that is equivalent to saying that he has done his work very satisfactorily, for the less a translation betrays itself as such the more perfect it is.

CHARLES P. BRUEHL.

Oriental Diagnosis

Empire in the East, by Owen Lattimore, Joseph Barnes, Frederick V. Field, Carl L. Alsberg, Tyler Dennett, John E. Orchard, Grover Clark, H. Foster Bain, Pearl S. Buck and Nathaniel Peffer; edited by Joseph Barnes. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.25.

THIS book is an interesting and well-written introduction to the Far Eastern question. Every chapter—except Mrs. Buck's—is clearly thought out, and all have been carefully edited to avoid the disunity typical of composite authorship. The first two contributions, "China and the Barbarians" by Owen Lattimore, and "The Japanese Dilemma" by Professor Orchard, together with the last two, "The Open Door" by Tyler Dennett and "Peace or War" by Nathaniel Peffer, are the best, but all are worth reading. The most finished attractive writers are Lattimore and Dennett. The former vividly sketches China's age-old method of resistance to outside influences, a curious blend of outward yielding and inward stubborness, combined with constant effort to play off one set of foreigners against another. Dennett, biographer of John Hay and now president of Williams, takes the best possible line for an intelligent American discussing the foreign policies of his country;

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i.e., he does justice—perhaps just a little too mercifully—upon the typical American blend of acquisitiveness and sentimentalism.

It is disappointing to find Grover Clark, the former editor of the Peking *Leader,* assigned to deal with "Changing Markets"; he does his job competently but one wishes he had been allowed to tell us something of the Soviet efforts at propaganda in Peking and of his personal experiences there, concerning which such amusing stories are told. Joseph Barnes, who edits the book and writes objectively on "Soviet Siberia" is oddly respectful toward Moscow's new version of ferocious, oriental tyranny; a better sense of proportion would do the American intellectuals of his type a lot of good. Mrs. Buck warmly defends the missionary impulse without realizing that doctrine and dogma, although by no means all of religion, are necessary parts of it. This talented lady shares with her fellow religious "liberals" a queer ignorance of the art of thinking.

By contrast with Mrs. Buck, most of the authors take their stand on first principles, interpreting the clash of races and cultures in terms of the leading ideas of each. In the matter of peace and war, Professor Orchard shows the economic weakness and fragility of Japan. With Mr. Peffer's general principle that wars are made not by wicked schemers but by clashing ideas and ideals the reviewer is profoundly agreed. Mr. Peffer sensibly foresees war if the West continues to exaggerate the profit motive; he might have added that war would be

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HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

Hitlerism

Strong Man Rules, by George N. Shuster. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.00.

MR. SHUSTER knows his Germany. His book reports observations on the spot over several months by a man already well versed in German history and German culture, with a thorough command of the language; in short, a man who was thoroughly equipped to understand what he saw and heard, and accurately to appraise the weight and importance of men and events. This reviewer has not set foot on German soil since 1888, when as a very young man he made a solitary pilgrimage to Baireuth to hear "Parsifal." He can pretend to no more than a fair amateur knowledge of German literature and culture, with a fair facility in reading the language. These, coupled with the fact that he has lived long enough to have witnessed the rise of the German Empire under Bismarck and its crash in the smoke of Armageddon, are but slim qualifications for passing critical judgment on Mr. Shuster's book. Nevertheless, it is for him and others like him that Mr. Shuster has written it, and he will merely record the impressions that it leaves upon him.

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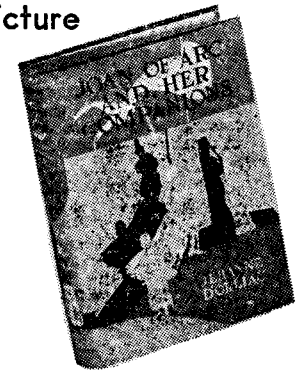

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the country from the ordinary newspaper sources. Mr. Shuster's analysis of the causes whch have produced the Nazi phenomenon is, on its face, convincing and illuminative, and the chapter on the persecution of Jews, which has shocked the world, is particularly informing. No one who really wishes to understand what is going on in Germany can afford to neglect this book.

Summing the matter up in his concluding chapter, Mr. Shuster points out that the essence of the Nazi movement is an attempt to make Germans into a "German people" which, as he rightly says, they never were prior to the war. "There really is today," he says, "something which might be called a German 'people.' But to speak of it is to utter a very grim joke." It is, in his opinion, but a temporary unification because it is Fascist, and Fascism he regards as but "the feeble liquidation of an era," and "an unavoidable interim form" whose present "essential mission is to stamp out the hedonistic view of life" represented, for example, by Marxian Socialism. It cannot endure as a viable social form, for it is but a "gross but momentarily effective substitute for the ideas which formed Greece, Roman and Christian Europe." Nevertheless, it may last for a while.

The reviewer will not quarrel with this view. It has seemed to him, however, that the Hitler phenomenon finds its main origin in the one colossal blunder of modern statesmanship, namely, the supposition that a great modern aggregation of people could be kept (metaphorically) in jail by any combination of forces at the disposal of its conquerors without ultimately breaking out. Hitler is today the German "leader" because he has led a break from the jail built at Versailles around the German people, and it is the walls of that jail—rather than Fascism—which have made for the time being a "people" out of that people. That, the reviewer believes, is the key to the fearful problem that Germany presents to the (still partly) civilized world around her. It is a terrible dilemma. Germans can neither be exterminated nor kept in jail—what, then, is the alternative?

If there were around her a strong group of nations with some common bond of unity other than a common economic misery and a common panic-dread of each other—if there were such a thing as a real "family" of nations in Europe to which Germany could be readmitted in full membership—one could see a solution, but is there any such thing? Is not that lack at the bottom of the whole world-mess?

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Art in Nature

Claude Monet and His Garden, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

THIS is a slight, pleasant book about a creator of beauty whose garden, like the school of art of which he was the leader, did not follow a formal pattern. "The general effect," Mr. Gwynn tells us, "was of a wheat field in which poppies and blue corncockles and yellow marguerites have run in wild confusion." In this excellent description, I would from my own recollections of the gar-

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den, alter only the word "confusion" to "profusion." Mr. Gwynn adds to the picture, "My first impression was of a space so filled with flowers that you could hardly put your hands between them, and all of them common, free flowering things." This was true not only of Monet's earth garden plots but also of his equally incomparable water garden.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me that Monet's method of gardening, particularly in our country where natural beauties are a principal heritage, has not been more often tried. Instead there is in most gardening a feeling of determined regimentation, a marshalling of flowers in squads on parade. And the flowers stick up like rookies out of ground that has been cultivated within an inch of its life. In fact were it not for habits of apperception, we would observe in such garden plots the bare brown earth, rather than the growing things, dominating the scene. The regimental kind of gardening suggests some atavistic attitude toward nature of conquering it. Only when such gardening has mellowed with age, and even with a little neglect, does it begin to give an impression of a friendly understanding between the gardener and his garden. On the other hand, a judicious colonizing and encouragement of indigenous ferns, flowers and trees and a plucking, or weeding, that is not violent will almost immediately bring about a profusion and variety of beauty which is like a little eden. There are other kinds of exercise besides spading and hoeing in a garden. There is, for instance, the exercise of a little relaxation, in its way a most restorative kind of exercise. And the lyrical diversity of forms and endlessly marvelous chimings and dissonances of colors which nature best produces, are likeliest to reward quiet consideration, enrich memory and encourage the will to live, where nature has not been too severely subjugated. Then are gardens places to live in, eat in, read in, sleep in, walk in, pray, work, meditate, study, talk and make love in most agreeably.

Mr. Gwynn's brief biographical material in the present book reveals the manfulness of the artist's devotion to beauty. And the sensitive appreciations of the art of the Prometheus of modern painting give an intimation of the keen, sustained intellectuality and painstaking workmanship behind the best of Impressionism. The photographic illustrations, principally of the famous lily ponds, are as excellent as anything not in colors could be. Altogether, though the book is slight, it is like a small but intensively cultured garden, full of interest.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Precious Recollections

Roman Spring: Memoirs of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

A BOOK of much charm, especially when dealing with the Roman scene, and one which avoids both the Scylla of the sentimental and the Charybdis of the malicious, Mrs. Chanler's memories are really delightful reading. Her vignettes of the companions of her youth, and especially her half-brother, Marion Crawford, of her

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uncle, the famous Sam Ward, of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and her daughter Maud Elliot, of Sgambati and of Liszt, are all done with vividness and a rare economy of means. Though of American parentage Mrs. Chanler, born Margaret Terry, was born and brought up in Italy, and the nostalgia for the Old World makes the latter portion of the book, dealing with her early married life in America, less vivid than her days in Rome. It is evident that her heart is not in America and, though she tries her best to see the country as it is, there is always between her and reality the veil of Italy. The daughter of an artist who like so many others fled drab and Puritan America to warm himself in the beauty of Italy, Margaret Chanler can scarcely be expected to embrace her new home unreservedly, yet her critical sense never descends to acridness or bitterness of expression. A true woman of the world, she is at home in all nations and among all peoples.

Though coming of a Protestant family, Margaret Terry early became a Catholic, entering the Church shortly after her half-brother, Marion Crawford, had taken the same path. The story of her conversion she tells with great simplicity and beauty, and the two letters which she incorporates in her book, her own to Marion Crawford announcing her intention, and her brother's reply, ought to be known by every Catholic. Those who know Marion Crawford as the popular novelist will be amazed by the beauty and depth of thought of this letter. It is in intrinsic merit worth more than all his novels put together, admirable in the story-telling art as they were. In it Marion Crawford is at once a thinker and a poignant human being. It is small wonder that the Catholic Book Club chose "Roman Spring" as its September selection, for Mrs. Chanler proves in it that she is a writer of fine sensibility and keen mind, and a true daughter of the Faith.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Mystic and Adventurer

Windward Rock. Poems by Kenneth Leslie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

WHETHER Kenneth Leslie is the first to emerge into the general world of letters from that little nation of Gaelic-speaking Alban Scots who have held their domain in Nova Scotia for two centuries, I do not know; in any case, the quality of his poetic utterance makes a reviewer who is also of the "sea-divided Gael" proud of

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the racial heritage which can hold so shining a light above the buffetings of time and circumstance.

One who, like this reviewer, deeply distrusts and vigorously dislikes mysticism, may as well admit that the best monosyllabic word for Kenneth Leslie is "mystic"—score one for the adversary and make the best of it. But his is not the mysticism of quiescence and clouds and half-lights. It is a mysticism that plays around life and living as St. Elmo's fire plays around the spars of a ship. Once, in a sonnet that begins

> "Beauty is something you can weigh in scales
> And wrap up into parcels . . ."

and concludes

> "Beauty was mother's porridge in a bowl.
> Milk, oatmeal and molasses built my soul . . ."

he suggests Joyce Kilmer; but where the latter's comment on common things was "These are good," Leslie's comment is "These are to be accepted, wrestled with, turned to food for the soul." His mysticism suggests Francis Carlin's swift correlations of earthly and divine things; suggests Emily Dickinson's accepting, but not her sharply resentful moods; is far from the mysticism of Yeats, even the Yeats of "the brown mouse in the oatmeal chest." There are two better words than "mystic" for Kenneth Leslie: "adventurer" and "acceptor." How blessedly these set him apart from the "lost generation" futilitarians and bewailers of private griefs!

"Christ's victory comes not in listless fashion," writes Leslie, and in the same poem:

> "The soul is nothing you can lay away
> In lavender against a wedding day,
> The soul is more than breath, it is a seed,
> The human heart its garden and its need,
> It must go out and drench itself in rain,
> Girdle itself with ground, it must know pain.
> It must be trapped before it can be free
> To flame like a rose, or stand up like a tree."

Strange individual turns of beautiful imagery abound in many of his poems and help make Kenneth Leslie's first book of poetry one which all concerned for the present vitality of that art should possess.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

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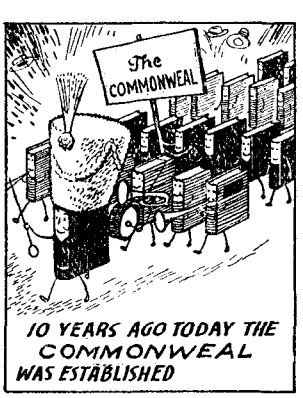

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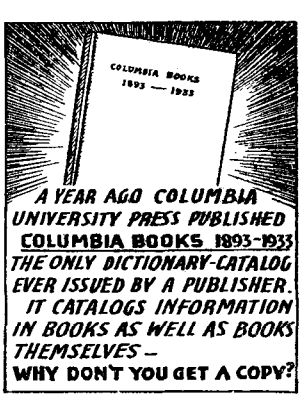

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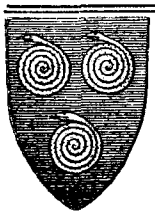
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Briefer Mention

Studies in Spenser's Complaints, by Harold Stein. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE student of Elizabethan literature will be interested in this book, which adds much of value to the discussion of Spenser's curious poems. Mr. Stein's best work, perhaps, is contained in his chapter on the verse and its revision. Here he is a discriminating critic as well as a good historian. By comparison the problems of dating and composition, which occupy most of the space, do not permit of much more than intelligent handling. Try though he may, Mr. Stein's conclusions remain too vague and tentative to be of major importance, and the best of his remarks here are echoes of the opinions of others. The chapter on allegory is good.

Shelter of Song, by Elizabeth Voss. New York: Henry Harrison. $1.50.

THE FORM of the poems in Mrs. Voss's book, expressing, the publisher tells one, many moods, "natural, mystic, and psychological," is traditional; but their substance is traditional as well—the rose, the primrose, "the frost with his paint-brush," the sea and "glamor's power"—and that substance is here in the form traditional to versifiers rather than poets. It is not that echoes of the best ideas do not resound in Mrs. Voss's poems, but that admirable sentiments are given, in them, their most inept expression. To know one poem was awarded "two first prizes in the *Troubadour* Ohio State Book," and another "a book prize by *Expression,*" adds nothing to one's valuation of them.

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